

SONGS

— OF —

VICTORY.

— BY —

Joseph C. Fisher.



SONGS OF VICTORY is an ENTIRELY NEW Collection, for Revivals, Camp, and all other Assemblies of Saints.

Grand Junction, Mich.

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—SONGS—



OF

VICTORY

—BY—

✓✓
Joseph C. Fisher.

Published at Grand Junction Michigan

FOURTH EDITION

“Unto Jesus, Who loved us,

AND washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and His Father.” And to all His saints, are these **SONGS OF VICTORY** consecrated forever more. **AMEN!**


It is a fact well known, and felt by the saints, that the hymns of the past fail to express the glorious Light and Liberty, Grace, Truth and Power the Free and Holy Church has attained in this blessed evening light. Hence the Lord has marvelously given these **NEW SONGS**, that we may more fully sing the Joy and Victory we have in the Lord Jesus Christ.


We know of no book of sacred music so entirely a new collection as these **HEAVENLY SONGS OF VICTORY**.

We fervently pray that these inspired melodies and hymns may stir and awaken the hearts of the impenitent, and that thousands of souls may be washed in the blood, and added to the Lord through their instrumentality.

SONGS OF VICTORY is specially adapted to the Holiness work, in Camp-meetings, Revivals, and all the Assemblies of the Saints of the Most high God.

We return our heart-felt thanks to the dear ones who have so cheerfully contributed to these Songs of Victory. May their reward be many stars in glory, and they too, shine as the stars forever and ever; **Amen!**

 No one will be allowed to print, or publish any of the Hymns with tunes contained in this book, without written permission from the author.

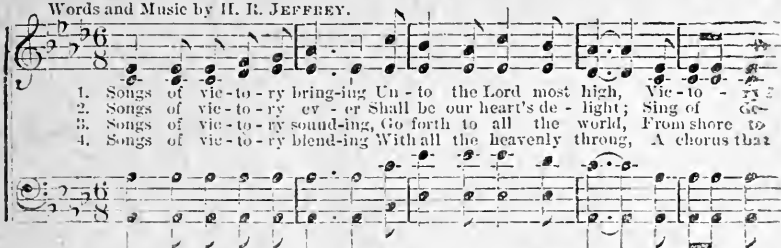
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No. 1.

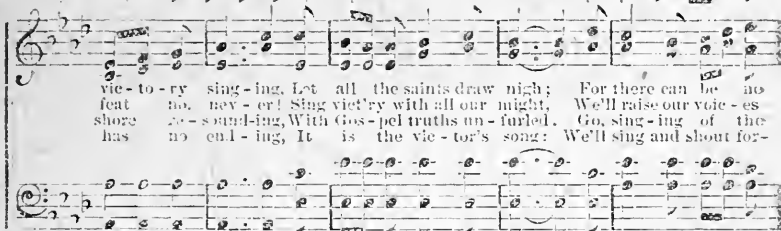
Songs of Victory.

"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 15: 57

Words and Music by H. R. JEFFREY.



1. Songs of vic-to-ry bring-ing Un-to the Lord most high, Vic-to-ry
 2. Songs of vic-to-ry ev-er Shall be our heart's de-light; Sing of
 3. Songs of vic-to-ry sound-ing, Go forth to all the world, From shore to
 4. Songs of vic-to-ry blend-ing With all the heavenly throng, A chorus that

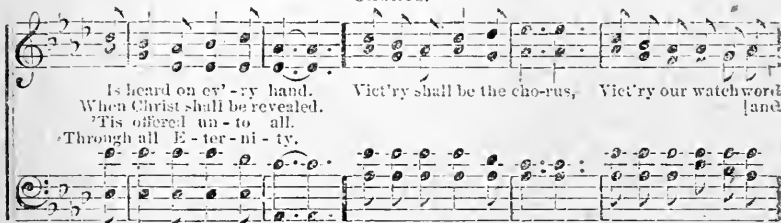


vic-to-ry sing-ing, Let all the saints draw nigh; For there can be no
 feat no nev-er! Sing vic't'ry with all our might, We'll raise our voice
 shore to shore sound-ing, With Gos-pel truths un-furled. Go, sing-ing of the
 has no en-ding, It is the vic-tor's song: We'll sing and shout for-



fail-ure While Je-sus leads the van, And vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!!!
 high-er, Up-on the bat-tle-field; Our vic-to-ry draw-eth high-er,
 Sav-iour, Send forth an earn-est call; Oh, sin-ner, seek His fa-vor,
 ev-er, Glad songs of vic-to-ry: We'll sing of Christ, our Sav-iour.

CHORUS.



Is heard on ev'-ry hand. Vic't'ry shall be the cho-rus, Vic't'ry our watchword
 When Christ shall be revealed. [and
 'Tis offered un-to all.
 Through all E-ter-ni-ty.

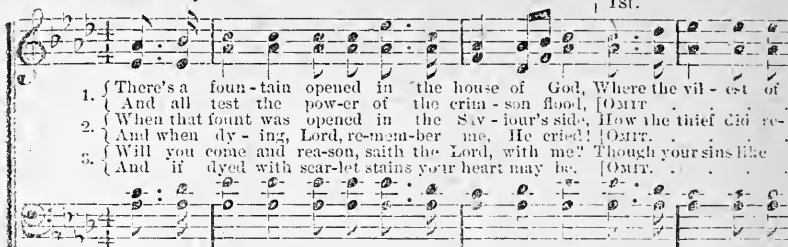


song; Je-sus is marching be-fore us, Leading His arm-y a-long..

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David for sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

Words and Music by J. C. FISHER.

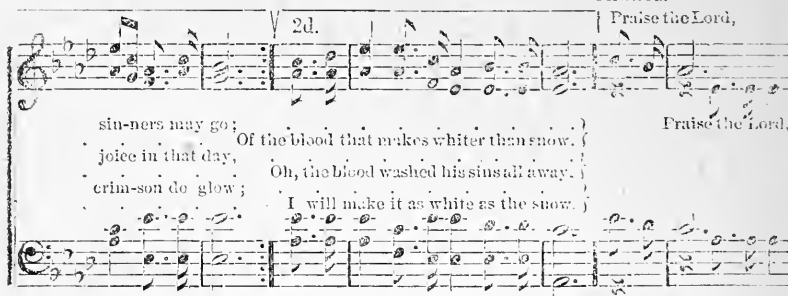
1st.



1. { There's a foun-tain opened in the house of God, Where the vil-est of
And all test the pow-er of the crim-son flood, [Omit
2. { When that fount was opened in the Sav-iour's side, How the thief did re-
And when dy-ing, Lord, re-mem-ber me, He cried! [Omit
3. { Will you come and rea-son, saith the Lord, with me? Though your sins like
And if dyed with scar-let stains your heart may be. [Omit

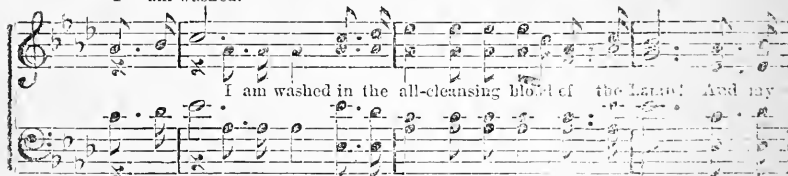
CHORUS.

Praise the Lord,

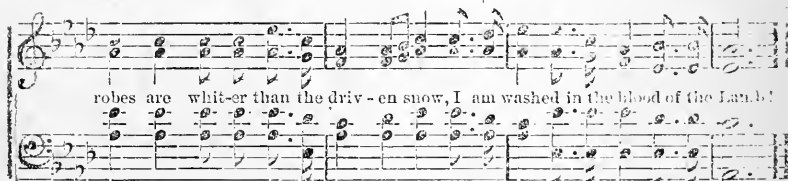


2d. Praise the Lord,
sin-ners may go; Of the blood that makes whiter than snow. } Praise the Lord,
joice in that day, Oh, the blood washed his sins all away. }
crim-son do glow; I will make it as white as the snow. }

I am washed.



I am washed in the all-cleansing blood of the Lamb! And my



robes are whiter than the driv-en snow, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb!

- 4 Yes, a broken spirit and a contrite heart,
Thou wilt never despise, Oh, my God;
But will fully cleanse it now in every part,
Till I'm whiter than snow by the blood.
- 5 I have overcome now by the blood of the Lamb,
And I'm clothed in my raiment so white;
And I'm on my journey to that glorious land,
Where forever I'll dwell in the light.
- 6 What are these in spotless robes, and whence came they?
As they're singing with palms in their hands;
These through tribulation gained the victory,
Having washed in the blood of the Lamb.

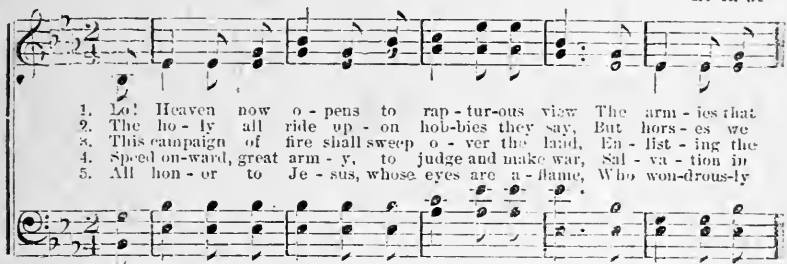
No. 3.

The White Horse Cavalry.

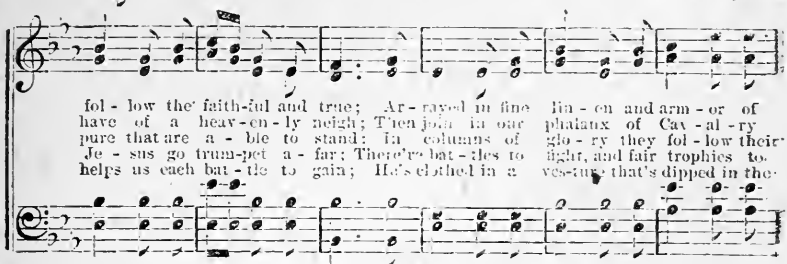
"The armies in heaven followed Him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen white and clean."—Rev. 19: 14.

A. S. W.

H. R. J.



1. Lo! Heaven now o - pens to rap - tur - ous view The arm - ies that
 2. The ho - ly all ride up - on hob - bies they say, But hors - es we
 3. This campaign of fire shall sweep o - ver the land, En - list - ing the
 4. Speed on - ward, great arm - y, to judge and make war, Sal - va - tion in
 5. All hon - or to Je - sus, whose eyes are a - flame, Who won - drous - ly



fol - low the faith - ful and true; Ar - rayed in fine lin - en and arm - or of
 have of a heav - en - ly neigh; Then join in our pha - lanx of Cav - al - ry
 pure that are a - ble to stand; In columns of glo - ry they fol - low their
 Je - sus go trump - et a - far; There're bat - tles to fight, and fair trophies to
 helps us each bat - tle to gain; He's clothed in a ves - ture that's dipped in the

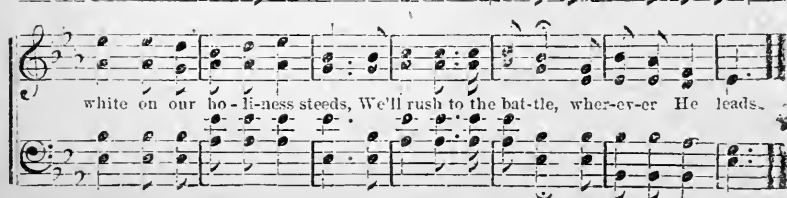
CHORUS.



fight, With swords of destruction, the nations to smite. All glo - ry to God! we'll
 white, And ride in the Spir - it's Omnipotent might.
 King, Like thunder their songs of sweet mel - o - dy ring.
 win, And per - ish - ing souls to be rescued from sin.
 blood, He gra - cious - ly shed to re - deem us to God.



fol - low the Lamb; All glo - ry to God! we'll fight in the van; In w - ni - for - ma



white on our ho - li - ness steeds, We'll rush to the bat - tle, wher - ev - er He leads.

No. 4.

I'm Redeemed.

"In His love and in His pity He redeemed them."—Isaiah 63: 9

Words and Music by J. C. FISHER.

1st.

1. { I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed From the darkness of the night, That so
In my heart there have gleamed Rays of won-der-ful light, [Omr.
2. { I'm redeemed by thy blood, From the power of the grave, And the
Oh, that won-der-ful flood! Oh, I felt its pow'r to save, [Omr.

thick-ly en-vel-oped my soul; Where the waves of thy glo-ry do roll.
vic-t'ry I have o-ver death; When I plunged in its fathom-less depth!

CHORUS.

I'm re-deemed,

Praise the Lord!

I'm re-deemed, Praise the Lord! I'm re-

deemed by the blood of the Lamb; I am saved from all sin,

and am walk-ing in the light, I'm re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb.

3 I'm redeemed from all sin
And I'm walking in the light,
And thy Spirit illumines my way;
I've no fear now within,
"For the terror of the night,
Nor the arrow that flyeth by day."

4 The redeemed they shall walk
In the pathway of the just,
Which shines brighter and brighter each day;
They shall sing and shall talk
With the bright angelic hosts
Where all sorrow and sighs flee away.

No. 5.

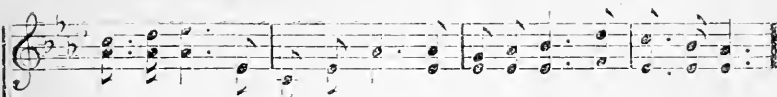
The Victory.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John 5: 4.

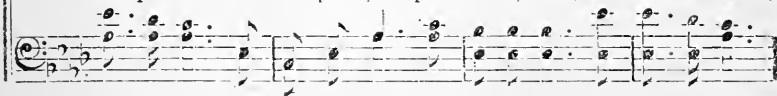
Words and Music by J. C. FISHER.



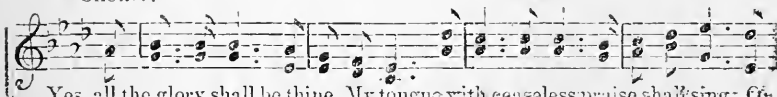
1. Oh, Lord, the vict'ry now is mine, By cleansing in thy precious blood; And
2. On ev'ry feature, blessed Lord, Salvation doth so brightly glow; With-
3. Oh, now thy glory shines so bright, And its refulgent dazzling rays Fills
4. Sweet rivers of thy precious love Flow thro' my heart in sweet repose, Sup-
5. Perfect in love, no fear I know, Redeemed, I've vict'ry over death; I



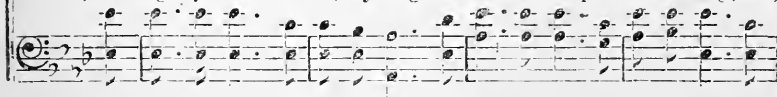
all the glo - ry shall be thine. I'll tell the vir - tues of that flood.
in my heart sings ev'ry chord, Thy blood makes whiter than the snow.
all my heart with floods of light, In one per-pet - ual glowing blaze,
plied by fountains from a - bove, Each day the channel deeper grows.
triumph now o'er ev'ry foe, I'll praise thee, Lord, whilst I have breath.



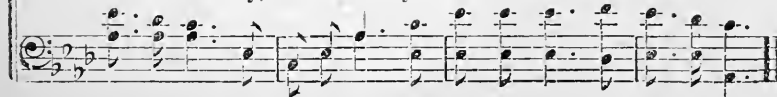
CHORUS.



Yes, all the glory shall be thine, My tongue with ceaseless praise shall sing; On,



wondrous vic-t'ry, it is mine, Thy blood has cleansed me from all sin.



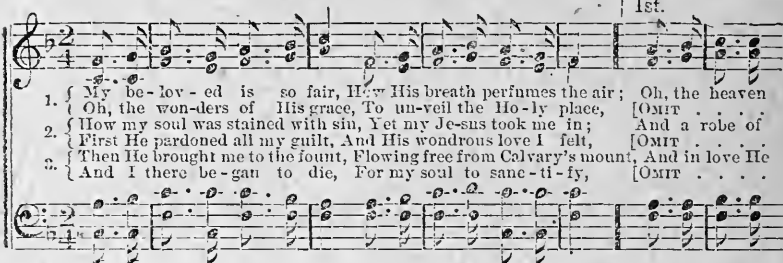
No. 6. Oh! This Blessed Holy Rest.

"We which have believed do enter into rest as He said."—Heb. 4: 3.

S. G. ODELL.

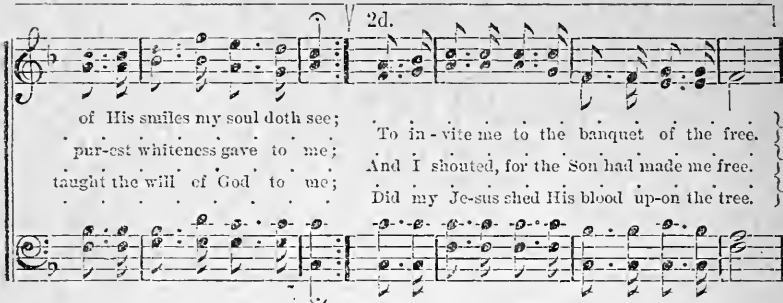
H. R. JEFFREY.

1st.



1. My be- lov - ed is so fair, How His breath perfumes the air; Oh, the heaven
 2. Oh, the won - ders of His grace, To un-veil the Ho - ly place, [OMIT . . .]
 3. How my soul was stained with sin, Yet my Je - sus took me in; And a robe of
 4. First He pardoned all my guilt, And His wondrous love I felt, [OMIT . . .]
 5. Then He brought me to the fount, Flowing free from Calvary's mount, And in love He
 6. And I there be - gan to die, For my soul to sanc - ti - fy, [OMIT . . .]

2d.



of His smiles my soul doth see; To in - vite me to the banquet of the free.
 pur - est whiteness gave to me; And I shouted, for the Son had made me free.
 taught the will of God to me; Did my Je - sus shed His blood up - on the tree.

REFRAIN.



Oh, this bless - ed ho - ly rest, On my Je - sus' lov - ing
 ho - ly rest!



breast! Oh, the sweetness and completeness Of per - fect - ed ho - li - ness!
 Let me rest!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 And He taught me that I must Then be prostrate in the dust, That with Him if I would reign eternally; Self within must all be slain, And I live with Him again, Just the holy life my Lord now giveth me.</p> | <p>5 So if now my soul doth boast, It is of the Holy Ghost And my Jesus, who so fully saveth me; Oh, that all on Him would wait, For His life without the gate As a ransom did He give for you and me.</p> |
|---|---|

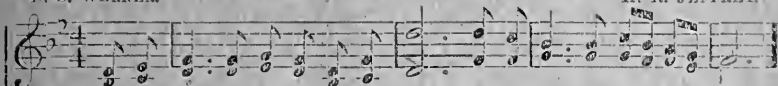
No. 7.

The Lord is Coming.

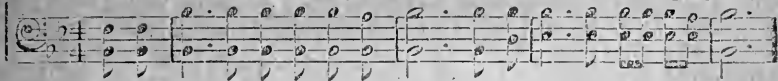
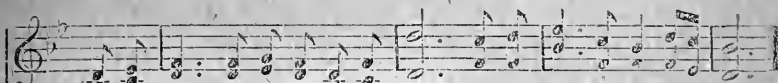
"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."—Matt. 24: 30.—1 Thess. 1: 7-10.

D. S. WARNER.

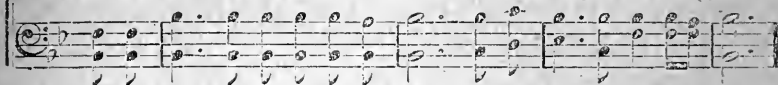
H. R. JEFFREY.



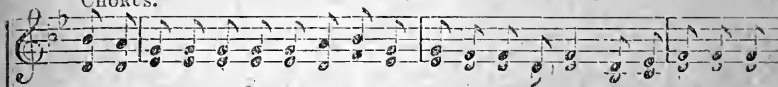
1. Are you read - y wait - ing for the Lord? See, the signs pro - claim Him near;
 2. Now are man - y running to and fro, Spreading ho - li - ness a - round;
 3. Hark! the sol - emn warn - ing un - to all, Judgment's com - ing, oh how sore!
 4. Christ is com - ing! O the heavenly sight Our be - lov - ed can't de - lay;
 5. As the light - ning flashes east to west, Comes the Lord in flam - ing fire;
 6. With the trumpet's mighty, mighty sound, Now the Son of God ap - pears;

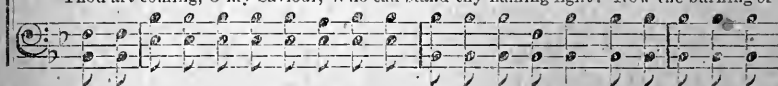

In the aw - ful thunders of His Word, Now His com - ing steps we hear
 And the ev - ning light be - gins to glow, Soon we'll hear the Trumpet's sound.
 Flee, O man, at mercie's fin - al call, Heav - en trembles at your doom.
 For His Bride is robed in snow - y white, Read - y for the marriage day.
 Oh, what glo - ry thrills each ho - ly breast! Sin - ners melt beneath His ire.
 Hail Him, all ye saints in glo - ry crowned! With Him reign e - ter - nal years.



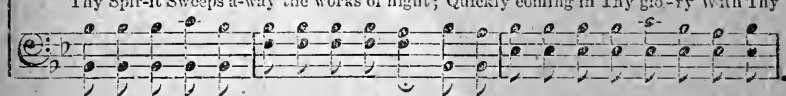
CHORUS.



Thou art coming, O my Saviour, Who can stand thy flaming light? Now the burning of

Thy Spir - it Sweeps a - way the works of night; Quickly coming in Thy glo - ry With Thy




bright an - gel - ic train, We shall see Thee in Thy beauty, And for - ev - er with Thee reign.



No. 8.

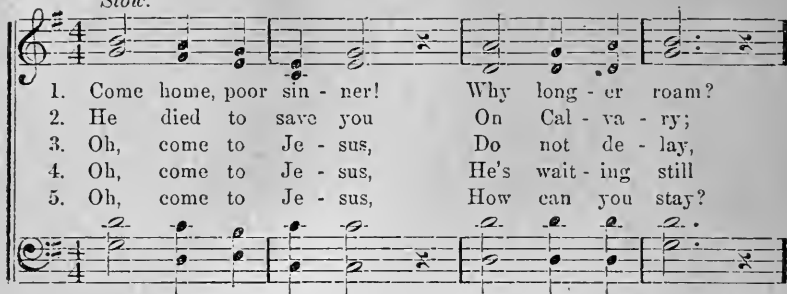
Come Home, Poor Sinner!

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

H. R. J.

H. R. J.

Slow.



1. Come home, poor sin - ner! Why long - er roam?
 2. He died to save you On Cal - va - ry;
 3. Oh, come to Je - sus, Do not de - lay,
 4. Oh, come to Je - sus, He's wait - ing still
 5. Oh, come to Je - sus, How can you stay?



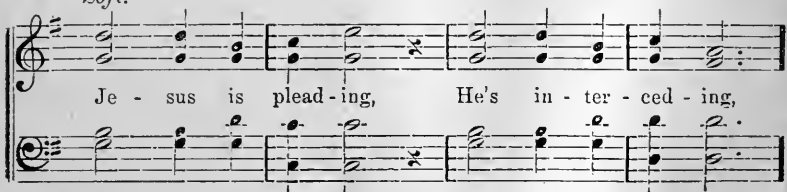
Thy Sav - iour's call - ing: Come home! come home!
 Be - hold, what suff'ring! 'Twas all for thee.
 Come, and He'll save you, Come while you may.
 With His sal - va - tion Thy soul to fill.
 He's plead - ing, plead - ing, Come, come a - way.

Come home, poor sin - ner!

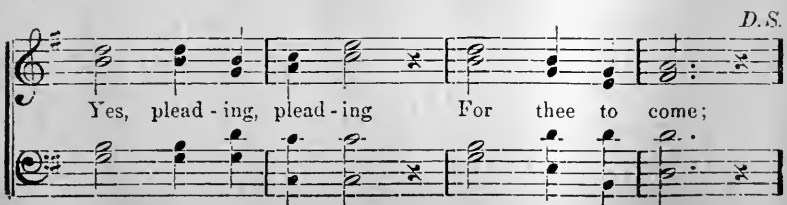
Come home, come home.

CHORUS.

Soft.



Je - sus is plead - ing, He's in - ter - ced - ing,



Yes, plead - ing, plead - ing For thee to come;

D.S.

No. 2. Why Should a Mortal Complain?

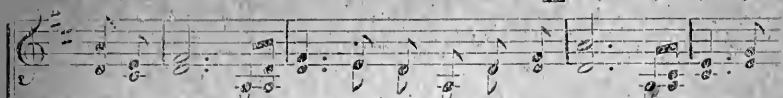
"The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Phil. 4: 6-7.

D. S. WARNER.

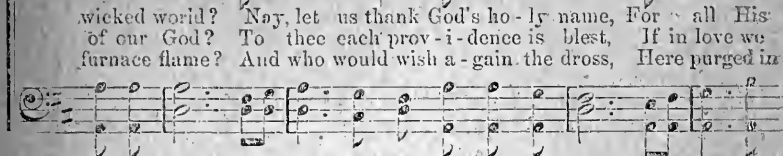
ALLIE R. FISHER.



1. Why should a mor-tal man com-plain At his tri-als in this
2. Oh, why should an - y one oppressed For-get the promise
3. Oh, who would cast a-way the gold We have gathered in the

wicked world? Nay, let us thank God's ho-ly name, For - all His
of our God? To thee each prov-i-dence is blest, If in love we
furnace flame? And who would wish a-gain the dross, Here purged in



CHORUS.




love o'er us un-furled. Oh, Je - sus wing our souls a-bove Each
bear the chast'ning rod.
our Re-deem-er's name?



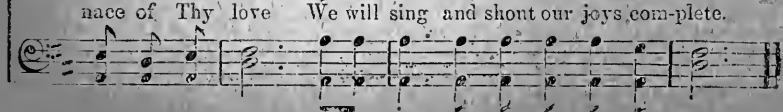

wave of trou-ble that we meet; Then in the fur-



that we meet,



nace of Thy love We will sing and shout our joys com-plete.



No. 10.

The Love of God.

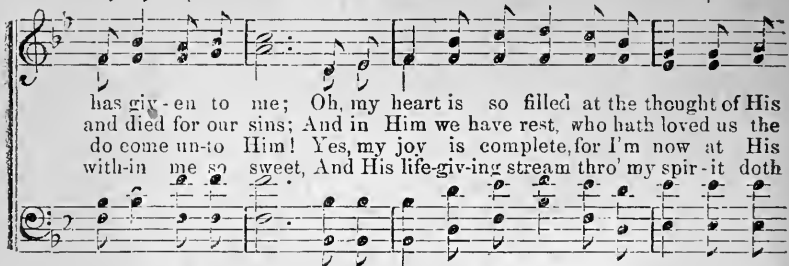
"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God."—1 John 3: 1.

EMMA A. LYON.

H. R. J.



1. I'm de-light-ed to know of this won-der-ful love That my Je-sus
2. Yes, the vic-tory's complete, thro' our Lord, Jesus Christ Who hath suffered
3. O how sweet is the rest that the Saviour doth give To all those that
4. Oh, what joy to my soul is my dear blessed Lord! He is reigning



has giv-en to me; Oh, my heart is so filled at the thought of His
and died for our sins; And in Him we have rest, who hath loved us
do come un-to Him! Yes, my joy is complete, for I'm now at His
with-in me so sweet, And His life-giv-ing stream thro' my spir-it doth

REFRAIN.



will! And His love, O His love makes me free. { Oh, the free-dom so sweet, }
best, And His life is now felt in our veins. { and the glo-ry so bright, }
feet, And His blood cleanseth me from all sin.
gleam, And it makes all within me complete.



For the night has all passed from my soul; And my heart is a-glow,



for I'm whit-er than snow, I am saved by the blood and made whole.

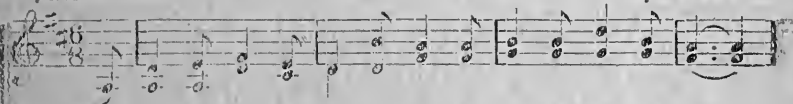
No. 11.

The Saint's Farewell.

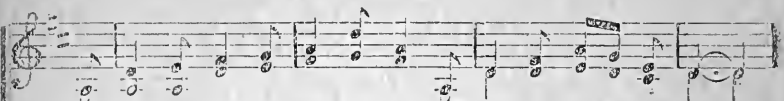
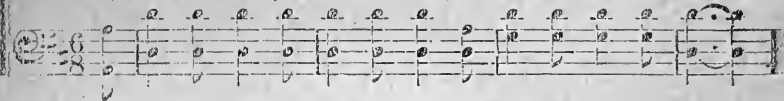
"Finally, brethren, farewell! be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."—2 Cor. 13: 11.

Words and Music

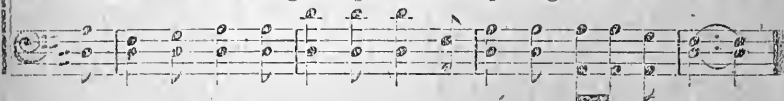
By J. C. FISHER.



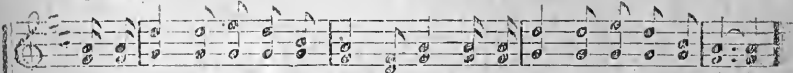
1. Dear brethren, I must leave you now, Tho' painful it may be;
2. Oh, how the part-ing gives us pain, While glist'ning tear-drops fall;
3. We press the hand with hearts so full Of love that can-not die;
4. Immortal hands in blood-washed bands, We'll clasp in robes of white;
5. Oh, brethren, will you meet us there, If here we meet no more?



When-e'er in fervent pray'r you bow, Oh, then re-mem-ber me.
And if we nev-er meet a-gain, God knows I love you all.
Be-yond where surges cease to roll, We'll meet you by and by.
Where all our souls are free from pangs Of sor-row, pain or night.
How sweet will be the greeting, where Our parting will be o'er.



CHORUS.



By the grace of God we will meet at home, By the help of God we will come;



You have my heart, and here's my hand, To meet you in that heavenly land.



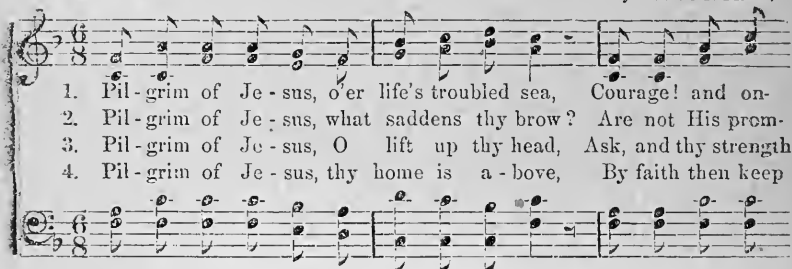
No. 12.

Ever Keep Heaven in View.

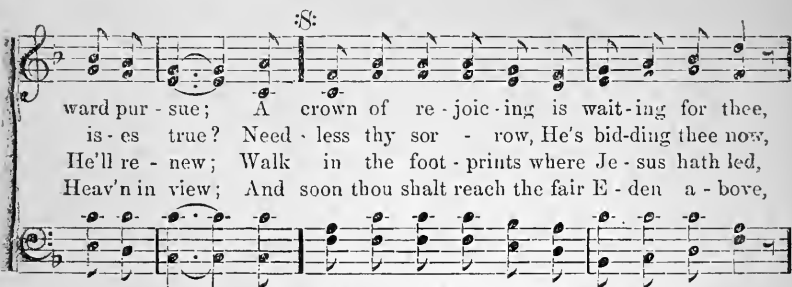
"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. 11: 16.

Words and Music

By H. R. JEFFREY.



1. Pil-grim of Je - sus, o'er life's troubled sea, Courage! and on-
 2. Pil-grim of Je - sus, what saddens thy brow? Are not His prom-
 3. Pil-grim of Je - sus, O lift up thy head, Ask, and thy strength
 4. Pil-grim of Je - sus, thy home is a - bove, By faith then keep



ward pur - sue; A crown of re - joic - ing is wait - ing for thee,
 is - es true? Need - less thy sor - row, He's bid - ding thee now,
 He'll re - new; Walk in the foot - prints where Je - sus hath led,
 Heav'n in view; And soon thou shalt reach the fair E - den a - bove,

D.S.—Courage, my brother! Right onward pursue,

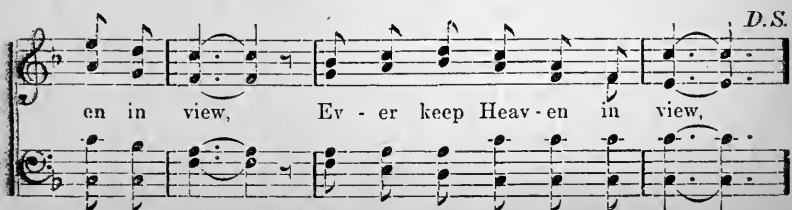
CHORUS.

Fine.



Ev - er keep Heav - en in view. Ev - er keep Heav -
 Ev - er keep Heav - en in view.
 Ev - er keep Heav - en in view.
 Which long has been waiting for you.

Ev - er keep Heav - en in view.



en in view, Ev - er keep Heav - en in view,
 en in view, Ev - er keep Heav - en in view,

No. 13.

I Ought to Love my Saviour.


B. S. WARNER.

"We love Him, because He first loved us."—1 John 4: 19.

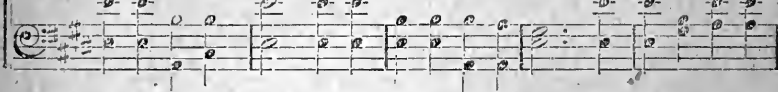
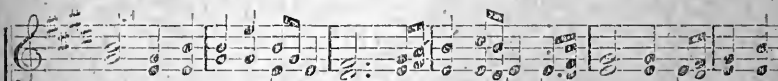
J. C. FISHER.



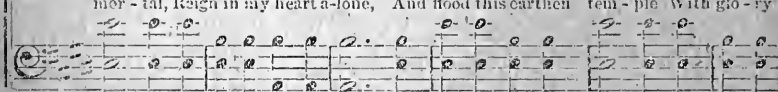
1. I ought to love my Sav - iour, He loved me long a - go, Looked
 2. I ought to love my Sav - iour, He bore my sin and shame; From
 3. I ought to love my Sav - iour, Up - on the cross He died; Be-
 4. I ought to love my Sav - iour, He pardoned all my sin, Then
 5. Oh, Christ, I can but love Thee, What heart could e'er withhold? A

on my soul with fa - vor, When deep in guilt and woe; And tho' my sin had
 glo - ry, to the man - ger, On wings of love He came; He trod this earth in
 hold the world's Cre - a - tor, "My God! my God!" He cried; Oh, list - en to those
 sanc - ti - fied my na - ture, And keeps me pure with - in; He fills me with His
 love that cost so dear - ly The off - ring of Thy soul; Oh, King of love in -

grieved Him, His Father's law had crossed, Love drew Him down from Heaven, To seek and
 sor - row, Endured the pains of hell, That I should not be banished, But in His
 ac - cents Of love Divine so free; "'Tis finished!" my sal - va - tion! Thine shall the
 glo - ry, And bears my soul a - bove This world, O wondrous sto - ry, 'Tis love, re -
 mer - tal, Reign in my heart a - lone, And flood this earthen tem - ple With glo - ry




save the lost. Love drew Him down from Heaven, To seek and save the lost.
 glo - ry dwell. That I should not be banished, But in His glo - ry dwell.
 glo - ry be. "'Tis finished!" my sal - va - tion! Thine shall the glo - ry be.
 deeming love. This world, O wondrous sto - ry, 'Tis love, re - deem - ing love.
 from Thy throne. And flood this earthen tem - ple With glo - ry from Thy throne.



No. 14.

Louder! Louder!

D. S. WARNER.

Rev. 14.

ALLIE R. FISHER.

1. Onward moves the great E - ter - nal In the or - der of His plan;
 2. Since by sin this earth was blighted, God has whispered of His love;
 3. Louder speaks His love in Je - sus, Heaven sweetly chants His fame;

Loud - er, near - er rolls the thun - der Of His aw - ful word to man.
 Dreams and vis - ions by His prophets Breathed of mer - cy from a - bove.
 Earth re - ceives its glorious Sav - iour, Hal - le - lu - jah to His name!

CHORUS.

Loud - er, loud - er, hal - le - lu - jah! See the glo - rious fountain flow;

From the midst of heav'n proclaim it, Oh, it makes me white as snow.

4 Yet the world is wrapped in slumber,
 Louder raise the Trumpet's blast!
 Oh, in mercy let it thunder,
 Ere the day of mercy's past.

5 In the cages of deception,
 Souls are pining to be free;
 Quickly reach the proclamation
 Of the glorious jubilee.

6 God is calling: "Come, my people,"
 Haste, oh, hasten to escape
 From the sin of seetish Babel,
 Lest ye perish in her fate


7 Louder, Saviour, by Thy blessing
 We will call Thy people home
 For we feel Thy near approaching.
 Come, O blessed Jesus, come!

No. 15.

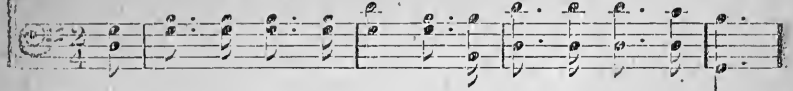
The Golden Harvest.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white, already to harvest."—John 4: 35.

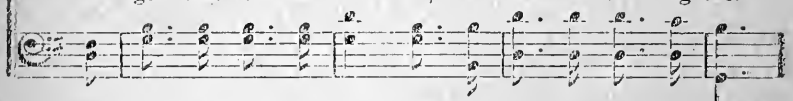
Words and Music by H. R. JEFFREY.



1. Oh, why should I be i - dle, While there's so much to do?
 2. Oh, why should I be i - dle? The morn-ing sun is high,
 3. No, I shall not be i - dle, For in God's Word I see:
 4. I'll be no long - er i - dle, But faith - ful I will be;





The wheat is ripe to har - vest, And the laborers are few
 And soon it will be sink - ing Low in the West - ern sky.
 "No id - lers in my vin - yard, Go thou and work for me!"
 I'll go and work for Je - sus, I hear Him call - ing me.



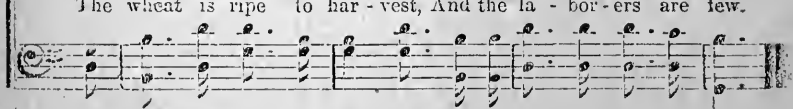
CHORUS.



The la - bor - ers are few, And still there's much to do,
 too few, to do;

The wheat is ripe to har - vest, And the la - bor - ers are few.



Note.—These verses were added by D. S. Warner.

5 Why stand ye all day idle?
 There's harvesting for all;
 Oh, grasp the flaming sickle,
 And heed the Master's call.

6 O come and join the number
 Of the reapers gone before;
 And you shall have the penny,
 Though it be the 'leventh hour.

No. 16.

I Am Free.

(Dedicated to Sister Josephine Webster.)

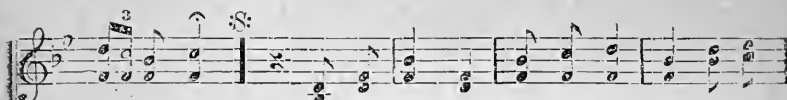
"If the Son, therefore, make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John 8:36.

J. C. F.

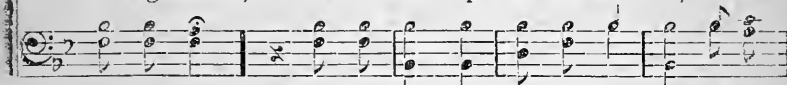
J. C. FISHER.



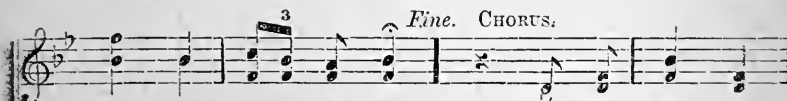
1. I am free, the Lord hath saved me, I was burdened
2. In His pit - y He redeemed me, When He saw me
3. Oh, the gush - ing springs of glo - ry, That are flood - ing
4. Oh, the joy, no tongue can tell it, 'Tis like man - y



with my sin; Then He whispered meek and low - ly: "Come to
in my woe; Yes, He sanc - ti - fied and cleansed me, And I'm
all my heart, And the mu - sic sweet and heav'nly, Wakes the
flow-ing streams, Now I stand up - on the sum - mit, Where the

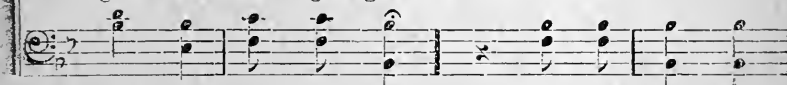


D.S.—I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, Of the

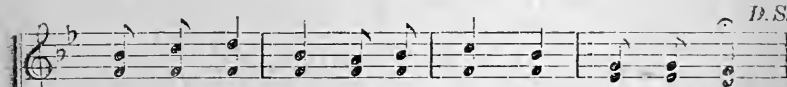


Fine. CHORUS.

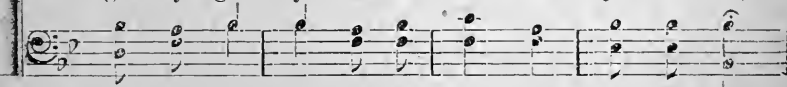
Me, I'll take you in! Hal - le - lu - jah!
whit - er than the snow.
chords in ev' - ry part.
gold - en sun - light gleams.



blood that cleans-eth me.



D.S.
glo - ry! glo - ry! Let us sound the ju - bi - lee;



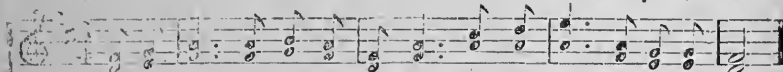
5 Thus He purifies this temple,
As the fire refines the gold;
And the presence of His angel
Keeps me as in days of old.

6 Upward as through trackless ether,
To the realms of glory bright;
There I'll fly to dwell forever,
Clad in robes of snowy white.

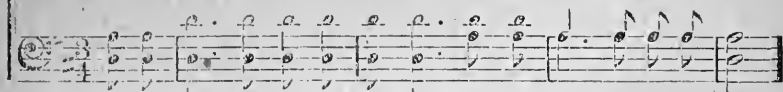
No. 17. Sinner, Christ is Waiting!

"Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth."—James 5: 7.

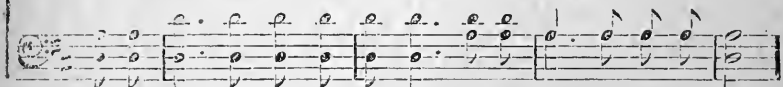
Words and Music by J. C. FISHER.



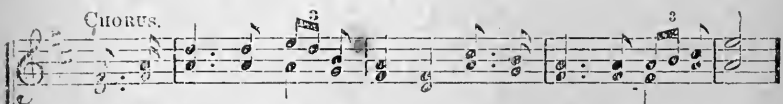
1. Come, poor sin-ner, Christ is wait-ing For to soothe thy heart of pain;
2. Come to Him, why will you languish, Filled with sor-row and des-pair?
3. Calm-ly then, with sweet e-mo-tion, Thy poor soul shall sink to rest;
4. Quick-ly catch the beams of glory, Streaming forth from Calvary's cross;
5. Do not doubt nor wait a moment, Soon the cleansing will be done;



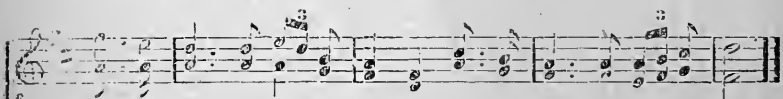
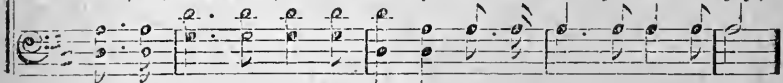
He is anxious, He is willing, Come, He'll cleanse you from each stain.
 All the clouds will quickly van-ish, Leaving all like morning fair.
 In the depth of love's pure o-cean, Where you'll be for-ev-er blest.
 Where His blood was shed to save thee, Oh! how much thy soul has cost.
 Then He'll clothe thee in white raiment, That will far out-shine the sun.



CHORUS.



Come, oh, come then, do not tar-ry, He will fill thy heart with joy;



Hast-en quick-ly, He will cleanse thee Pure as gold, without al-loy.



No. 18.

Coming Back to Salem.

"They shall bring forth the Head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, grace; grace unto it."—Zech. 4: 7.

D. S. WARNER.

ALLIE R. FISHER.

1. We are coming, hal-le-lu-jah! We are coming home to God; "Je-sus on-ly"
 2. While we're working, we are fighting All the mighty foes a-round; Tho' in wrath they
 3. Thou art coming, mighty Je-sus, In the pow-er of thy grace; Now our souls break
 4. Our four-da-tion is the Je-sus, He the top-most crowning stone; Hal-le-lu-jah!
 5. Oh, the glo-ry of His tem-ple Far exceeds the former one; All its ston-es are

we're be-hold-ing, Who has washed us in His blood. We are marching back to Sa-lem,
 do op-pose us, We will not de-sert the ground. "Oh, my God, do Thou re-mem-ber
 forth in sing-ing, At the smil-ing of thy face. Fear of sect, a mount of ter-ror,
 we a-dore Him King up-on His liv-ing throne. And His crimson glo-ry, streaming
 bound-to-geth-er In Love's dear E-ter-nal Son. In this building, what a won-der!

D.S.—Tho' as captives, long we've suffered,

At the trumpet's joy-ful sound; And we're building God's own temple, On its ancient,
 All those wicked, plotting crews?" Hear them saying in de-ris-ion: "Now what do these
 Thou hast made an o-pen plain, And the mist-y fogs of err-or, All have vanished
 Thro' each crys-tal stone be-low, Tints the whole ex-tat-ic tem-ple, With the beauty
 There's a dwell-ing-place for me; Yes, thy beau-ty, Oh, my Saviour! I shall here for-

We do feel the roy-al blood, And we're ris-ing to our freedom, In the full-ness

Fine. CHORUS.

ho-ly ground. We are com-ing, Oh, we're coming, With the glo-ry in our soul;
 fee-ble Jews?"
 in thy name.
 of His glow.
 ev-er see,
 of our God.

D.S.

Grace we're shouting, as we're bring-ing Christ, the head-stone, we ex-tol.

No. 19.

The Great Physician.

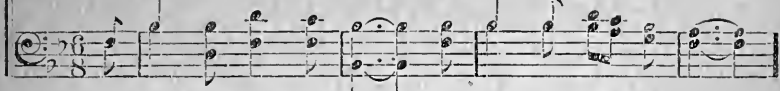
"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—PSALMS 147: 3.

S. G. ODELL.

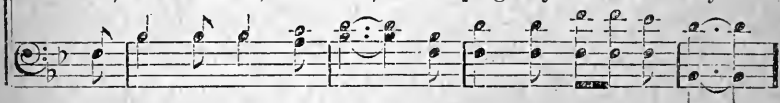
J. C. FISHER.



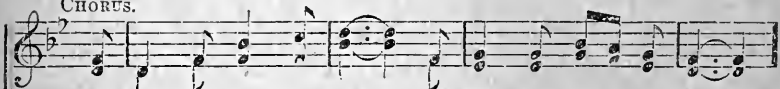
1. O faint not, wea - ry soul, Thy Saviour's near to thee;
2. Be - hold! thy Sav - iour dies; He dies, He djes for thee!
3. Thy sins of crim - son dye, Shall white as wool ap - pear;
4. Thy sins of crim - son hue, Shall all be white as snow;
5. Be - hold the foun - tain near, By faith, O plunge to - day;



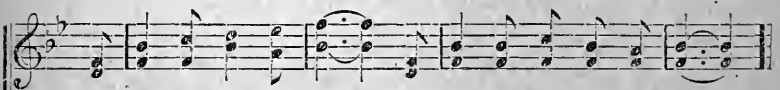
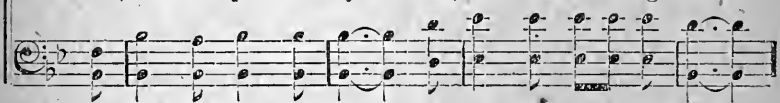
He now will make thee whole, Look up to Cal - va - ry.
 'Tis finished! now He cries, O cap - tive soul, be free!
 To the blood foun - tain fly, 'Twill cleanse thee, do not fear.
 But noth - ing thou canst do, But to the foun - tain go.
 Oh, sin - sick soul, draw near, 'Twill purge thy stain a - way.



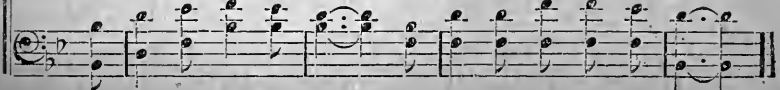
CHORUS.



Hail, Fount of pu - ri - ty! Hail, wondrous cleans - ing blood!



Hail, great se - cu - ri - ty! Thou spot - less Lamb of God.

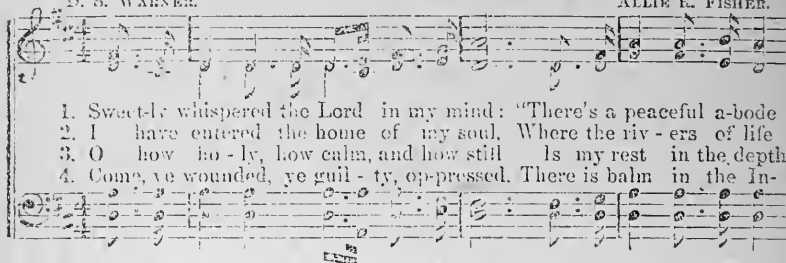


No. 20. In the Heart of Jily God.

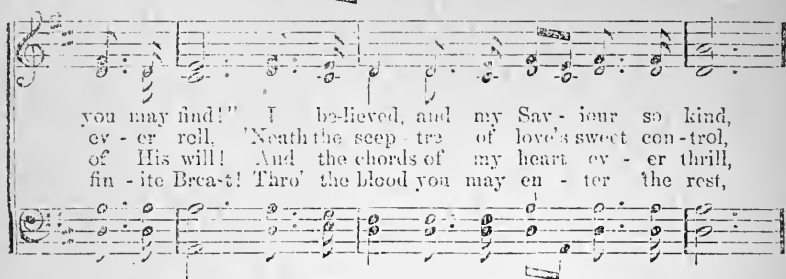
"Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. 3. 3.

D. S. WARNER.

ALLIE E. FISHER.



1. Sweet-ly whispered the Lord in my mind: "There's a peaceful a-bode
 2. I have entered the home of my soul. Where the riv-ers of life
 3. O how ho-ly, how calm, and how still Is my rest in the depth
 4. Come, ye wounded, ye guilt-y, op-pressed. There is balm in the In-

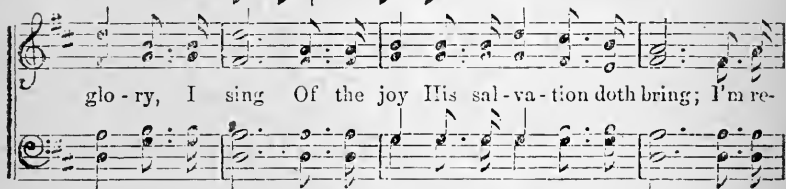


you may find!" I be-lieved, and my Sav-our so kind,
 ev-er-reill, 'Neath the seep-tre of love's sweet con-trol,
 of His will! And the chords of my heart ev-er thrill,
 fin-ite Breast! Thro' the blood you may en-ter the rest,

CHORUS.



Drew me in-to the heart of my God. Now trans-ported with
 I a-bide in the heart of my God.
 With the joy in the heart of my God.
 In the heart, in the heart of my God.



glo-ry, I sing Of the joy His sal-va-tion doth bring; I'm re-



deemed, and with Je-sus, my King, I am hid in the heart of my God.

No. 21.

The River of Life.

"And He showed me a pure river of water of life clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb."—Rev. 22: 1.

J. C. FISHER.

J. C. FISHER.

1. There's a Riv - er of Life with its pure cys-tal Light, Flow-ing
 2. By this riv - er so clear blooms the fair tree of life, And its
 3. On the clear sea of glass that is mingled with fire, All the.
 4. There was nev - er any one that could learn that sweet song, But those
 5. There's a foun-tain, a stream where the thirsty may drink Of the

out from the great white throne, In that beau-ti-ful land where there
 sweet fragrance fills the soul: In our beau-ti-ful home where there
 bless-ed redeemed now stand; And with harps in their hands, in the
 who are washed and redeemed; And whose voice, like the loud thunders,
 wa-ter of Life so free; They shall suf-fer no heat, nor of

D.S.—And for - ev - er I'll praise my

is no night, And where sor - row nev - er can be known.
 is no strife, And the streets are paved with glit-t'ring gold.
 heav'n-ly choir, Sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb.
 roll a - long, As with glo - ry bright their fa - ces beamed.
 hun - ger think, And no sor - row shall they ev - er see.

God and King, For my cleansing in the crim-son flood.

CHORUS.

D.S.

By the crys-tal wa-ters flashing, I stand all redeemed by the blood;

No. 22.

The Old Camp Ground.

J. C. F.

(NUM. 24: 5.)

J. C. FISHER.

1. We are tenting again on the old camp ground, And we greet in love once
 2. We are tenting again on the old camp ground, And the Saviour calls the
 3. On the old camp ground we are tenting to-night, We are marshalled by our
 4. We are happy to-day on the old camp ground, And we raise our voices

more;
 roll;
 God;
 high;
 Both the hill and the vale the ech - oes resound, As we
 We will all fall in line at the trumpet's sound, For to
 Many comrades so brave who fought in the fight, Now
 And it floats on the breeze with a joy-ful sound, As we

CHORUS.

shout the vic-to-ry o'er and o'er.
 res-cue the per-ish-ing soul.
 are sleeping 'neath the silent sod.
 shout a-loud the bat-tle cry.
 We're tenting a-gain, we're tenting a-

gain, Where oft we have met be - fore; In the Saviour's name
 met be-fore;

we will sing the re-frain On the old camp ground once more.

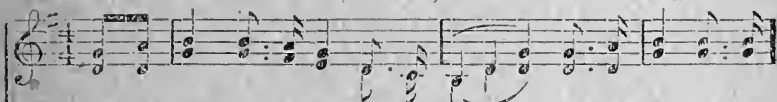
No. 23.

Jesus Saves Even Me.

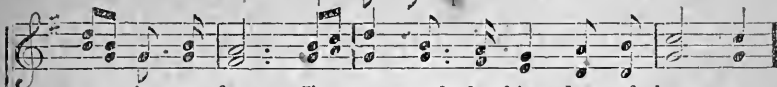
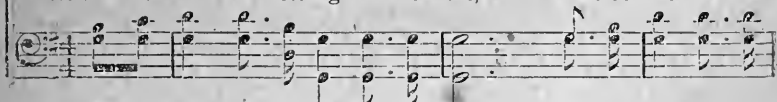
LOTTIE BLACKWOOD.

(TITUS 3: 5.)

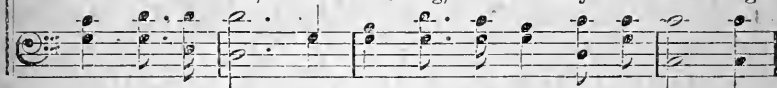
J. C. FISHER.



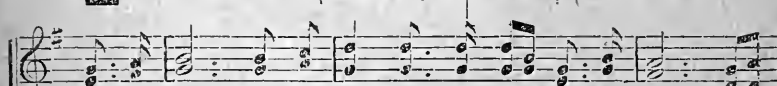
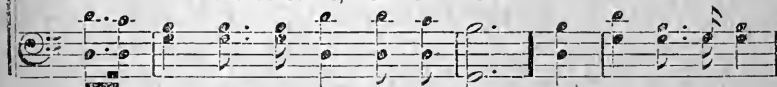
1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be giv - en, For a life and sal -
2. A long time I'd wandered in dark - ness, Not one ray of light
3. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry! His love is so rich
4. And now I am rest - ing in Je - sus, His blood from all sin



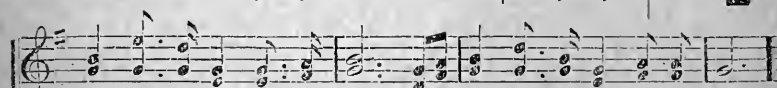
va - tion so free; I've en - tered the king - dom of heav - en,
could I see; But now I am joy - ous - ly sing - ing,
and so free; How it thrills my whole soul with its glo - ry,
makes me free; I am rest - ing, how sweet - ly I'm rest - ing!



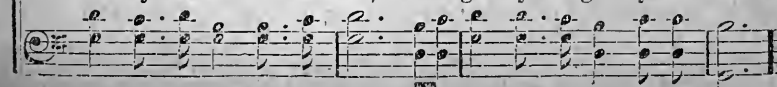
And Je - sus saves me, ev - en me. Oh, heav - en, sweet heav -
For Je - sus saves me, ev - en me.
And it sat - is - fies me, ev - en me.
And Je - sus saves me, ev - en me.



en of rest! How my soul in its glo - ry doth shine; I



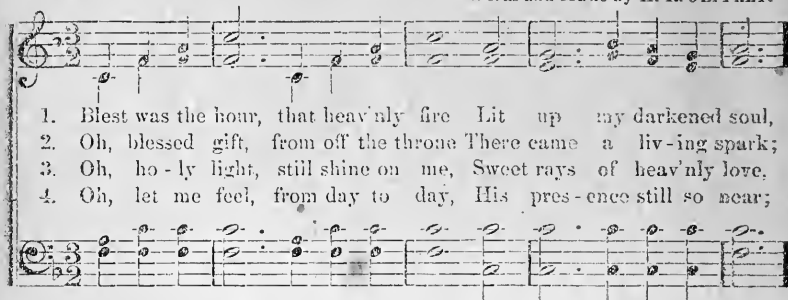
love my dear Je - sus the best, O glo - ry! O glo - ry! He's mine.



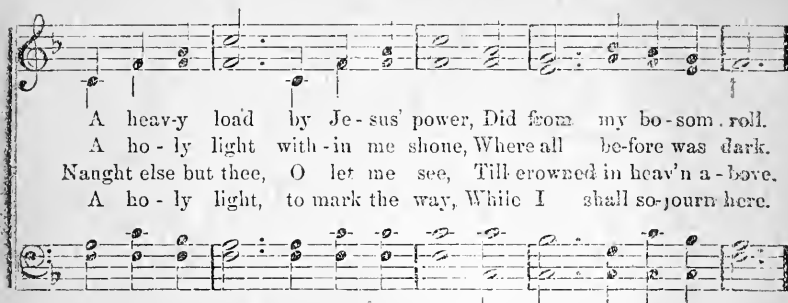
No. 24. 'Tis Better Felt Than Told.

(1 Pet. 1: 8.)

Words and Music by H. R. JEFFREY.



1. Blest was the hour, that heav'nly fire Lit up my darkened soul,
 2. Oh, blessed gift, from off the throne There came a liv-ing spark;
 3. Oh, ho-ly light, still shine on me, Sweet rays of heav'nly love,
 4. Oh, let me feel, from day to day, His pres-ence still so near;

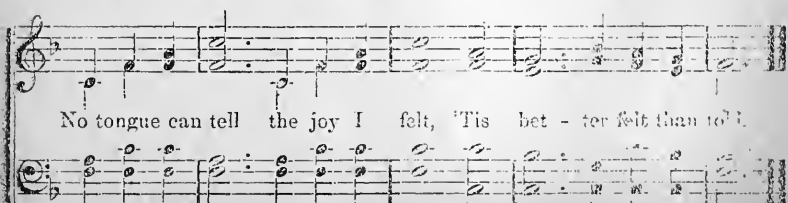


A heav-y load by Je-sus' power, Did from my bo-som roll.
 A ho-ly light with-in me shone, Where all be-fore was dark.
 Naught else but thee, O let me see, Till crowned in heav'n a-bove.
 A ho-ly light, to mark the way, While I shall so-journ here.

CHORUS.



While at the mer-cy seat I knelt, My Lord I did be-hold,

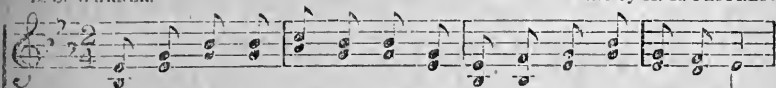


No tongue can tell the joy I felt, 'Tis bet-ter felt than told.

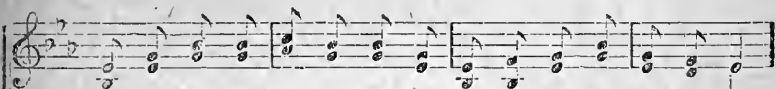
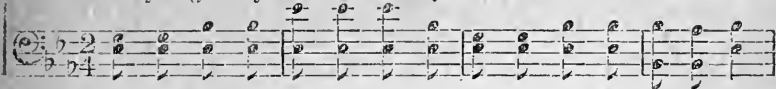
(ACTS 1: 8.)

D. S. WARNER.

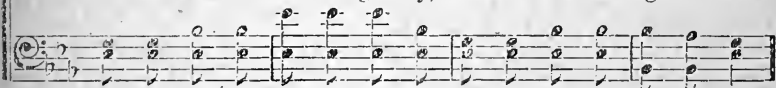
Chorus and Music by H. R. JEFFREY.



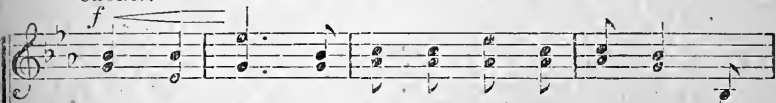
1. Tell me, pilgrim, traveling homeward, Are you ho - ly, free from sin?
2. Have you made a con-se-er-a-tion Of yourself and earthly store?
3. Do you love to read the Bi - ble? Feel the Spir-it's ho - ly fire?
4. Do you glad-ly tell the sto - ry Of the Savic'ur's wondrous love?



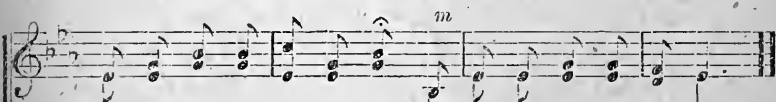
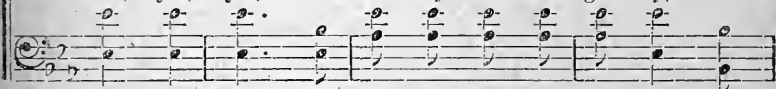
Are you flashing light around you? Are you wit-ness-ing for Him?
 Have you died to all but Je - sus? And His will for - ev - er more?
 Do you measure to its standard, Does each du - ty you in-spire?
 How He fills the soul with glo - ry, Pure as Heaven's light a - bove?



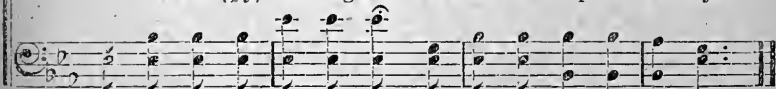
CHORUS.



Yes, yes, yes, it fills my heart with glo - ry, To



tell the hun-gry, thirst-ing soul Of the Re-demp-tion Sto - ry.



5 Do you think and talk of Jesus,
 More than all the world beside?
 Does it bring a holy comfort,
 In Him only to abide?

6 Are you seeking out the needy?
 Leading sinners to the blood?
 Thus, O pilgrim, should we ever
 Live and work alone for God.

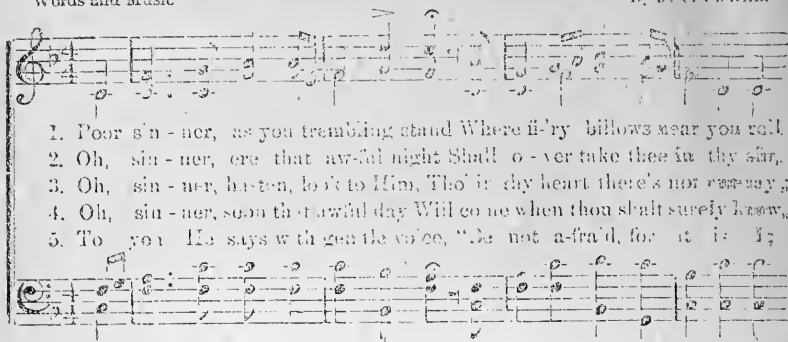
No. 26.

Christ, the Refuge.

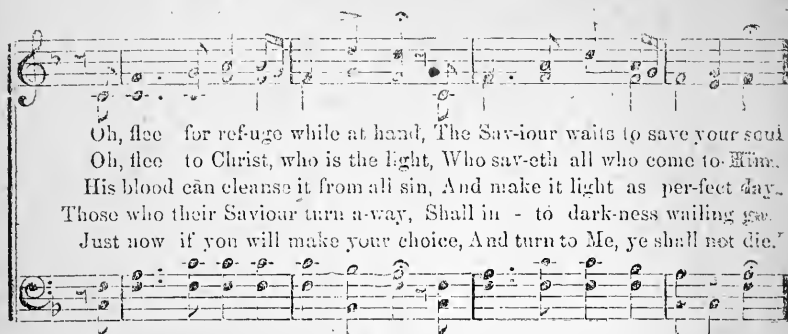
"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Psalm 91: 27.

Words and Music

By J. C. FISHER.

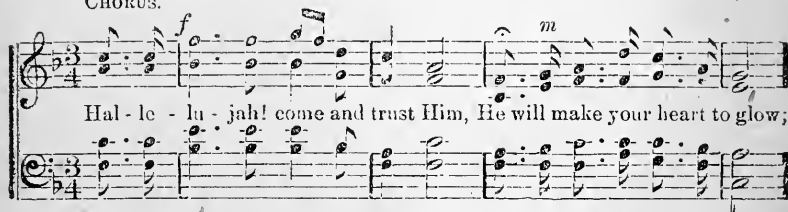


1. Poor sin-ner, as you trembling stand Where il-lyr' billows near you roll.
 2. Oh, sin-ner, ere that aw-ful night Shall o-ver take thee in thy sin.
 3. Oh, sin-ner, hasten, look to Him, Tho' in thy heart there's not re-morse;
 4. Oh, sin-ner, soon that awful day Will come when thou shalt surely know,
 5. To you He says with gentle voice, "Be not a-fraid, for I am here."

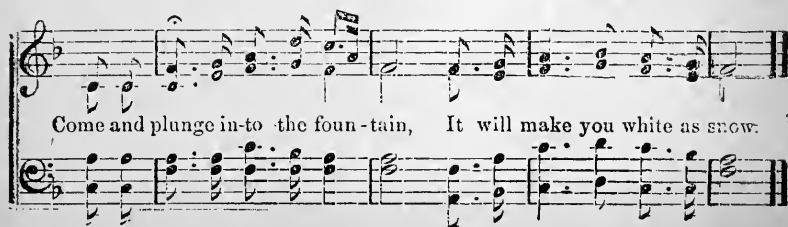


Oh, flee for refuge while at hand, The Sav-iour waits to save your soul
 Oh, flee to Christ, who is the light, Who sav-eth all who come to Him.
 His blood can cleanse it from all sin, And make it light as per-fect day.
 Those who their Saviour turn a-way, Shall in - to dark-ness wailing go.
 Just now if you will make your choice, And turn to Me, ye shall not die.

CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah! come and trust Him, He will make your heart to glow;



Come and plunge in-to the foun-tain, It will make you white as snow.

No. 27.

Love for Jesus.

"Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way?"—Luke 24: 32

Words and Music

By H. R. JEFFREY.

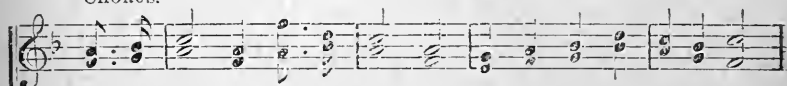


1. Have we an - y love for Je - sus, Burn-ing in our hearts to-day?
 2. Have we an - y love for Je - sus? He who cleanses from all sin,
 3. Have we an - y love for Je - sus? Does the Saviour reign a-lone?
 4. Have we an - y love for Je - sus? Can we say we're His a-lone?

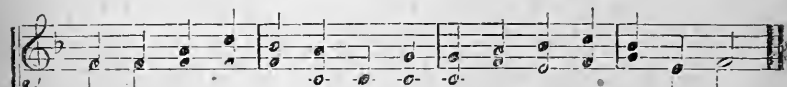


Are we now in Him re-joic-ing, As we jour-ney by the way?
 Takes a-way the heav-y bur-den, Shedding joy and peace with-in?
 Are there foes with-in re-surp-jing, Keeping Je - sus from His throne?
 Help us, Je - sus, Thee to wel-come, To the Temple that's Thine own.

CHORUS.



Love for Je - sus, love for Je - sus, Burning in our hearts to-day;



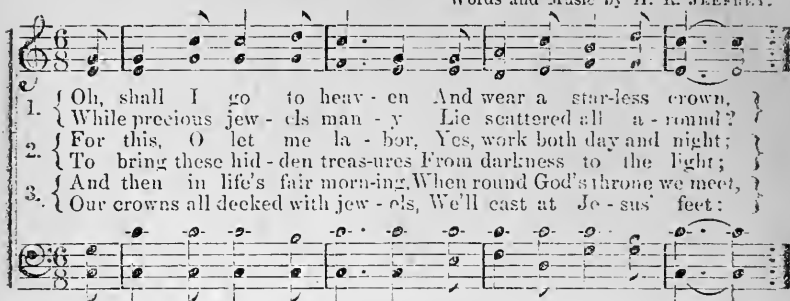
Yes, we're now in Him re-joic-ing, As we journey by the way.

No. 28.

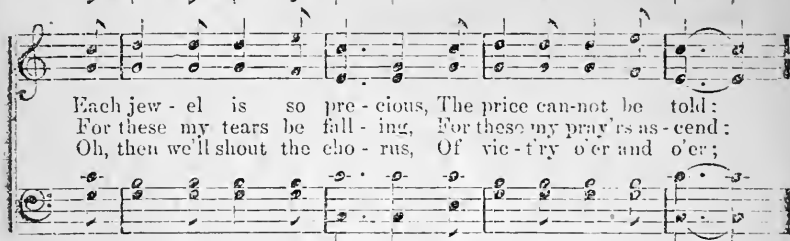
The Starless Crown.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. 12: 3.

Words and Music by H. R. JEFFREY.



1. { Oh, shall I go to heav - en And wear a star-less crown, }
 { While precious jew - els man - y Lie scattered all a - round? }
 2. { For this, O let me la - bor, Yes, work both day and night; }
 { To bring these hid - den treas - ures From darkness to the light; }
 3. { And then in life's fair morn - ing, When round God's throne we meet, }
 { Our crowns all decked with jew - els, We'll cast at Je - sus' feet: }

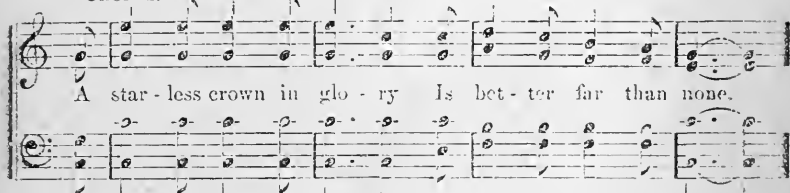


Each jew - el is so pre - cious, The price can-not be told:
 For these my tears be fall - ing, For these my pray'rs as - cend:
 Oh, then we'll shout the cho - rus, Of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er;

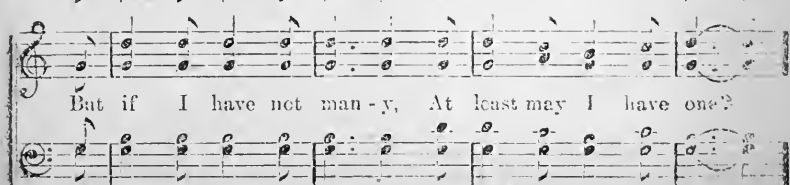


Those gems they shine far bright-er Than pur - est, fin - est gold.
 For these be ev - er call - ing, Till tears and pray'rs shall end.
 With star - ry crowns in glo - ry, To shine for - ev - er more.

CHORUS.



A star - less crown in glo - ry Is bet - ter far than none.



But if I have not man - y, At least may I have one?

The Starless Crown.—Concluded.

One star to shine in glo - ry, One soul all clothed in white,

One jew - el bright and shin - ing, To glit - ter in the light.

No. 29.

Sweet Rest in Jesus.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing."—Isa. 28: 12.

Words and Music by L. S. RIGGS.

By per.

1. In Je - sus I've found a sweet rest From sorrow, from toil, and from care; In
 2. I came to the Lord for re-lease, When burdened with guilt and with sin; He
 3. Though man-y the troubles I meet— He'll keep me and help me a - long; I'll
 4. All glo - ry and praise to thy name! For what thou didst suffer for me; For

CHORUS.

Him I am hap-py and blest, For He all my burdens doth bear. Oh, how hap-py am
 cleansed me and gave me His peace, The Spirit to wit-ness with-in.
 sit at His glo - ri - fied feet, For He is my joy and my song.
 sav - ing my soul when I came And gave myself up un - to thee.

I. With my Sav - iour so nigh! I have found sweet rest On Je - sus' dear breast.

No. 30.

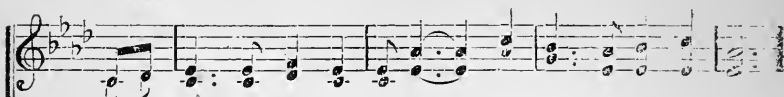
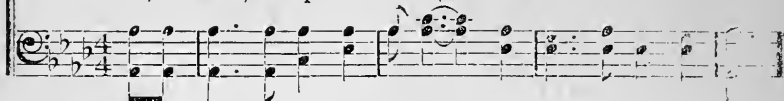
Be Ready, All.

"Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—Luke 12: 40.

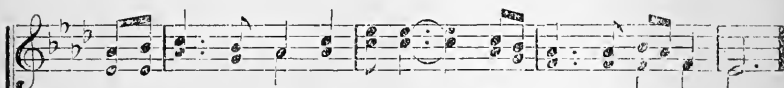
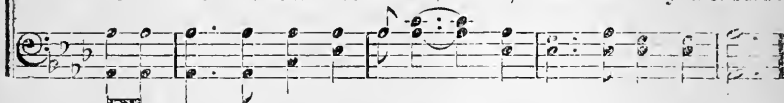
Words and Music by H. R. JEFFREY.



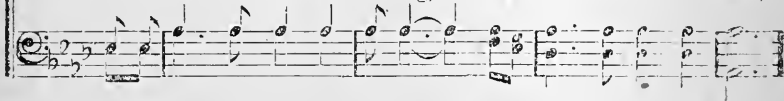
1. In the aw-ful day that's coming, When Gabriel's trumpet's sound,
2. The Lord is coming short-ly, Ac-cord-ing to His Word,
3. Shall we be-gin to trem-ble, While look-ing on that scene,
4. Oh, souls, be up and do-ing, We have no time to lose.



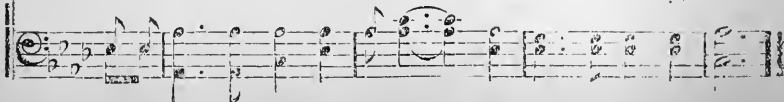
And call the world to judgment, Oh, where shall we be found?
Taking vengeance on the wick-ed, And them that know not God:
And take our march in an-guish Down to e-ter-nal night?
For life and death's be-fore us, Oh, which one will you choose?



Shall we cry for rocks and mountains To hide us in that day
Oh, who shall then be a-ble In that aw-ful day to stand?
Oh, what an aw-ful pic-ture! To some it will come true;
Then let us all take warning, And heed the Saviour's call;



From Him who comes in glo-ry, With all His bright ar-ray?
"Thou shalt be no long-er stew-ard," Will be the stern com-mand.
And oh! my broth-er, sis-ter, Shall it be I? or you?
Be robed in white a-dorn-ing, Then we'll be read-y, all.



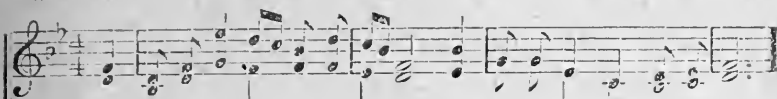
No. 31.

The Bride of Christ.

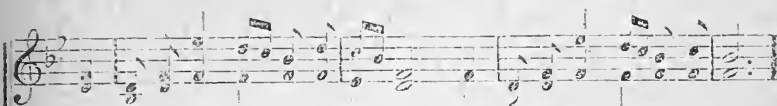
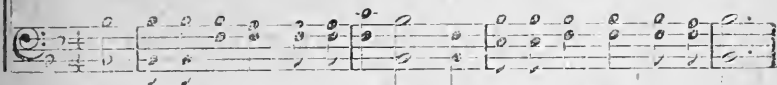
"Come hither, I will show thee the Bride, the Lamb's wife."—Rev. 21: 9.

Words and Music

By J. C. FISHER.

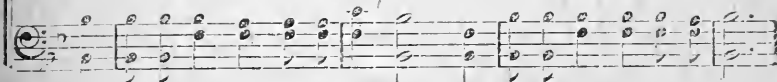


1. Oh, who is She, whose wondrous beauty More red-dy than the morning fair?
2. Oh, She's the love-ly Bride of Je-sus! Her glitt'ring robes out-shine the sun;
3. Her coun-te-nance is sweet and comely. Her voice it sounds like mu-sic rare;
4. Clothed with the sunlight of the morning, A heavenly won-der seems to be;
5. Her light is like a stone of jas-per, With col-ors like the rainbow's hue;
6. The Church it is this spot-less Vir-gin, The Bridegroom is the Son of God;



She's pure, and sweet-er than the lil - y,
 She's garnished with all gems most precious,
 Her nature's soft, so mild and love-ly,
 She wears a crown of stars so daz-ling,
 Its shin-ing thro' the crys-tal wa-ter,
 She's all ar-rayed in Her fine lin-en,

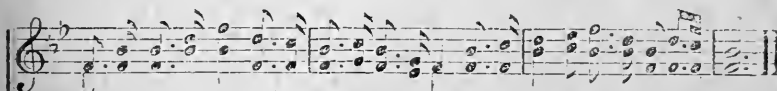
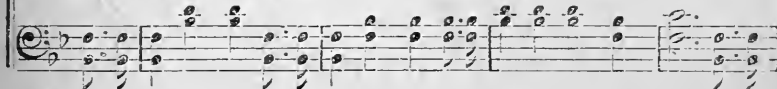
And decked with jewels rich and rare.
 And soon the Bridegroom, He will come.
 And oh! her breath perfumes the air.
 In her Ce-les-tial pu-ri-ty.
 Of sparkling fountains just in view.
 He with a ves-ture dipped in Blood.



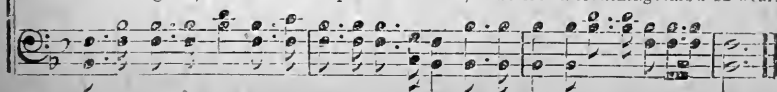
CHORUS.



O She's robed in white, With its dazzling light Decked with glitt'ring gems so bright; O She's



like the morning fair, How Her breath perfumes the air, And a crown of shining stars doth wear.



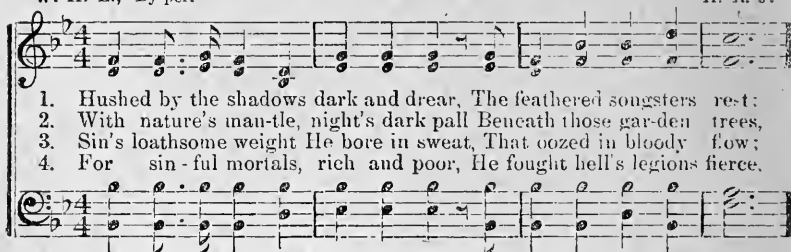
No. 32.

Down in the Garden.

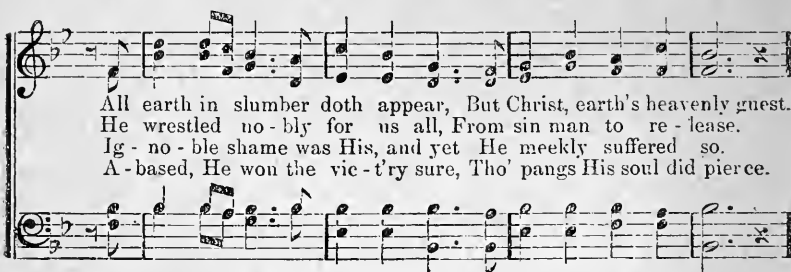
"Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder."—Matt. 26 36.

W. H. L., By per.

H. R. J.



1. Hushed by the shadows dark and drear, The feathered songsters rest;
 2. With nature's mantle, night's dark pall Beneath those garden trees,
 3. Sin's loathsome weight He bore in sweat, That oozed in bloody flow;
 4. For sin-ful mortals, rich and poor, He fought hell's legions fierce.

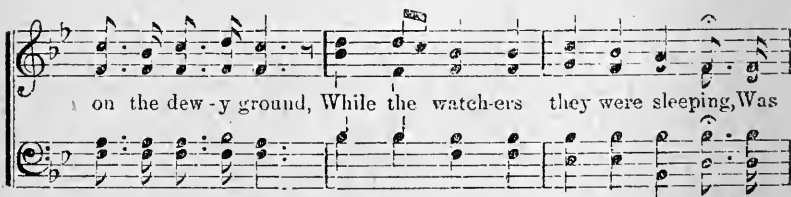


All earth in slumber doth appear, But Christ, earth's heavenly guest.
 He wrestled nobly for us all, From sin man to release.
 Ignoble shame was His, and yet He meekly suffered so.
 Abased, He won the victory sure, Tho' pangs His soul did pierce.

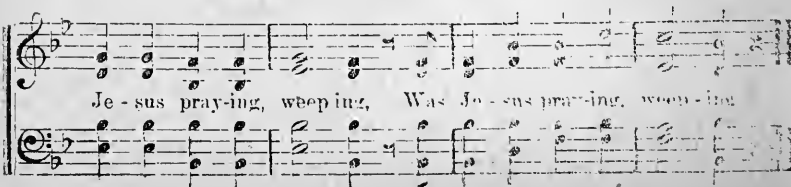
CHORUS.



Down in the garden hear the mournful sound, There in the dark-ness



on the dew-y ground, While the watch-ers they were sleeping, Was



Je-sus pray-ing, weep-ing, Was Je-sus pray-ing, weep-ing

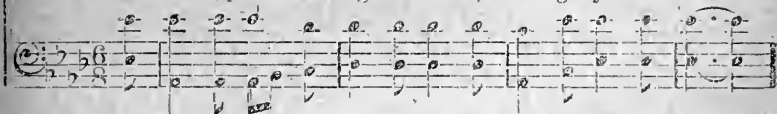
"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God."—Psalms 87: 3.

A. K. THOMAS.

CLARA M. THOMAS.



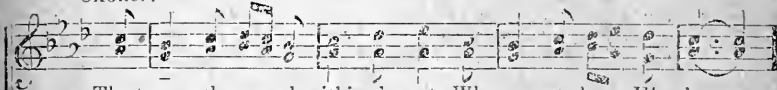
1. O Zi-on, 'Cit - y of my God! Thou ho - ly mount of love,—
2. Thou'rt placed up-on foundations sure, And planted deep in love;
3. Thy walls of love are built on high—And love thy bat-tle-ments—
4. Rare gems and un-told wealth is found Within thy gates of peace;
5. I roam up-on these heights sublime, Whose glory tinted walls



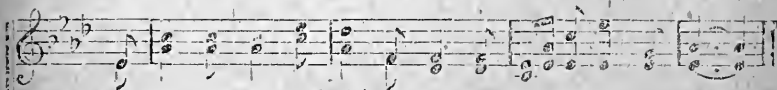
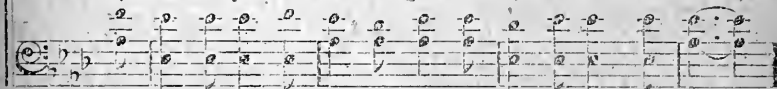
The tes - ti-mo-nies of the Word, Thy grace and beauty prove.
 And pal - a-ces of love so pure, From all thy cour's a - bove.
 En-compas-sed round on ev' - ry side, With love's en-vir - on - ments.
 And treasures rich in thee a-bound, Thy store shall ne'er decrease.
 Pro-tect me from the ills of time, In love's en-charm-ing halls.



CHORUS.



Thy towers they reach within the gate, Where, seated on His throne,



King Je - sus reigns in roy - al state, With glo - ry and re - nown!

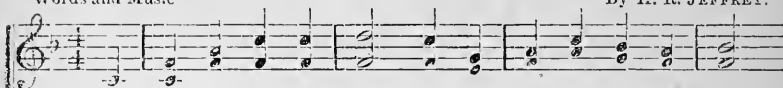


Clinging to the Cross.

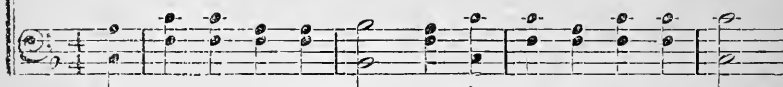

"He exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."—Acts 11: 23.

Words and Music

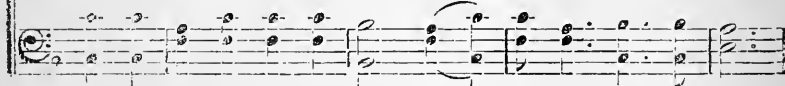
By H. R. JEFFREY.



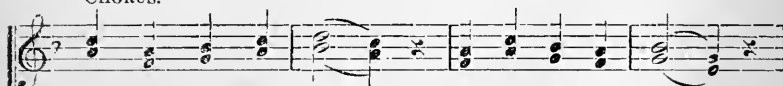
1. I'm trust-ing in the Sav - iour, Although the bil - lows toss;
 2. I'll give up all for glo - ry, Though great my earthly loss;
 3. I trust in Je - sus on - ly, All oth - er hope is dross;

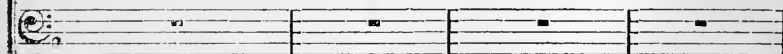

For there can be no dan - ger, While cling-ing to the cross.
 I shall be rich in glo - ry, While cling-ing to the cross.
 I know I'm safe - ly an - chored, I'm cling-ing to the cross.




CHORUS.



Cling-ing to the cross! Cling-ing to the cross!

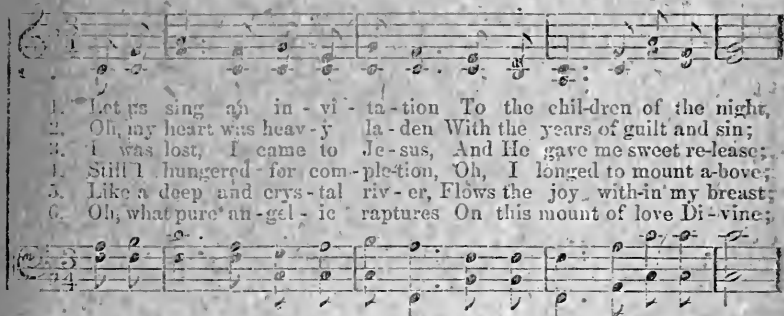
There can be no dan - ger While cling-ing to the cross.



"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

WARNER.

ALLIE R. FISHER.

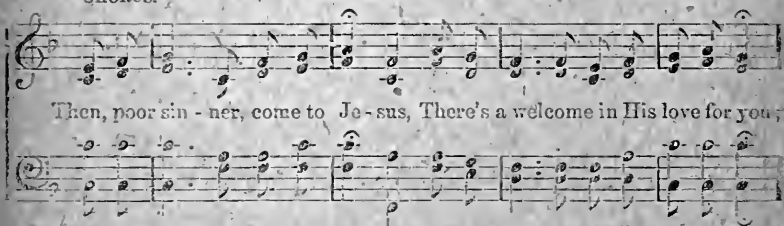


1. Let us sing an in - vi - ta - tion To the chil - dren of the night,
 2. Oh, my heart was heav - y la - den With the years of guilt and sin;
 3. I was lost, I came to Je - sus, And He gave me sweet re - lease;
 4. Still I hungered for com - pletion, Oh, I longed to mount a - bove;
 5. Like a deep and crys - tal riv - er, Flows the joy with - in my breast;
 6. Oh, what pure an - gel - ic raptures On this mount of love Di - vine;

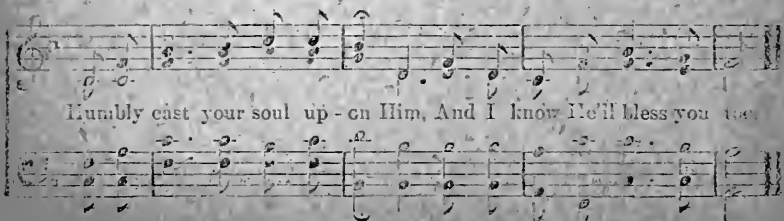


Well we learned their lost con - di - tion, Un - til blessed with Heaven's light
 Then I sought a door of mer - cy, Je - sus blest and took me in.
 With His Spir - it sealed my par - don, Rich - ly blest me with His peace.
 Then He sanc - ti - fied and blessed me, With the full - ness of His love.
 For I'm all a new cre - a - tion, In God's ho - ly im - age blessed.
 Here the sweet and gold - en sunbeams Flood my soul with bliss sub - lime.

CHORUS:



Then, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus, There's a welcome in His love for you;



Humbly cast your soul up - on Him, And I know He'll bless you now.

"Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee."—Jno. 21 : 16.

EMMA J. MILLER.

J. C. FISHER.

1. Bles-sed Je - sus, I do love Thee, Spring of life Thou art to me;
 2. Yes, I love Thee, bles-sed Saviour, Thou, O God! a fountain art;
 3. Love Thee, yes, I'm Thine for ev-er, I would clasp my hand in Thine;
 4. Then with Thee we'll join the number, Of the loved ones now redeemed;

Spring of nev-er fad-ing beau-ty, Thou art mine, and Thou shalt be.
 I will praise Thee, and a-dore Thee, Ne'er would I from Thee de-part.
 With Thy ten-der mer-cy lead me, Till I reach the end of time.
 And we'll sing with loud ho-san-nas, Un-to Christ, our God and King.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus saves me from all sin;

At His feet I'll hum-bly trust Him, And e-ter-nal prais-es sing.

No. 37.

Heavenly Chorus.

"And they sung as it were a new song, and no man could learn that song but the redeemed from the earth."—Rev. 14: 3.

H. R. J.

H. R. JEFFREY.



1. List-en to the heavenly mu-sic, Made by those who nev-er tire;
2. Soon we'll join the choir of glo-ry, Soon we'll greet those gone be-fore;
3. There we'll sing, our sorrows o-ver, On fair Canaan's happy shore;



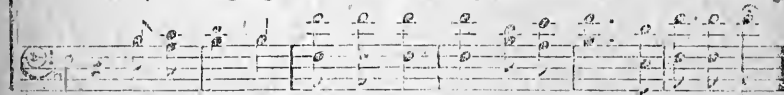
One grand song that has no end-ing, Sung by all the heavenly choir.
 Yes, we'll meet de-part-ed loved ones, Meet where parting is no more.
 Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea-ry sigh no more.



Chorus.



They are sing-ing, ev-er sing-ing O-ver on the other shore;



Soon we'll join them in the chorus, When this fleet-ing life is o'er.



I Will Trust Thee.

"I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song;
He also is become my salvation."—Isaiah 12: 2.

D. S. WARNER.

J. C. FISHER.

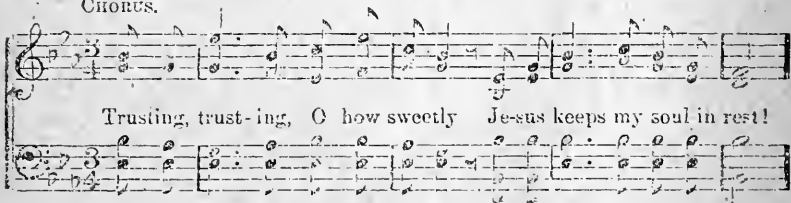


1. I will trust Thee, O my Father, For thy love shall never fail:
 2. Thee I trust for ev'-ry blessing, All I need is in thy will;
 3. I will trust Thee, Loving Saviour, For sal-va-tion all the time;
 4. I will trust Thee, mighty Je-sus, And my soul can never fall;
 5. I will trust Thee, fear-ing never, All my doubts have fled a-way;
 6. I will trust in ev'-ry tri-al, In thy prov-i-dence con-fide;



In thy arms I rest for-ev-er, Safe, with-in the second vail.
 On thy prom-ise calm-ly rest-ing, Thou dost ev'-ry want ful-fill,
 And I'm joy-fel in thy fa-vor, Thy "E-ter-nal Glory" mine.
 Oh, I'm hid in God's pa-vil-ion, Trust-ing Him my all in all.
 In my Je-sus trust-ing ev-er, I a-bide in per-fect day.
 Thou art with me in the furnace, Thou art ev-er by my side.

CHORUS.



Trusting, trust-ing, O how sweetly Je-sus keeps my soul in rest!



Trusting, trust-ing Him completely, Leaning on my Saviour's breast.

No. 39.

Tarry with Me.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. 13: 5.

S. G. ODELL.

J. C. FISHER.



1. Now the shadows, Lord, have lengthened, Now the evening time has come;
2. Now, my Saviour, come and bear me, Send the an - gel-choir for me;
3. Upward, as through trackless e - ther, Thro' the gates of par - a - dise;
4. Now, my Je - sus, for the shadows, Spread a-cross my shortened path,
5. Thou art with me now, my Saviour, On thy bo - som calm I rest;



With Thy grace, my Saviour, strengthened, By Thy help I would go home.
 Let their glad songs raise and cheer me, Upward as Thou bear-est me.
 Where the ransomed Spir-its gath - er, Ech - o loud the Sayiour's praise.
 And my three-score years of sorrows, Press me to my rest at last.
 Thine a - noint-ed, Lord, Thou savest, Now I know Thou giv-est rest.



CHORUS.



Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour, Tar - ry with me thro' the night;



I am lone-ly, Lord, without Thee, Tar ry with me thro' the night.



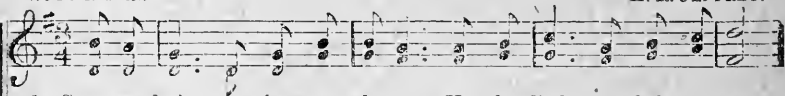
No. 40.

Will You Come?

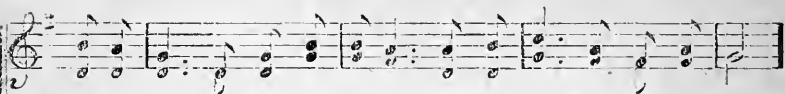
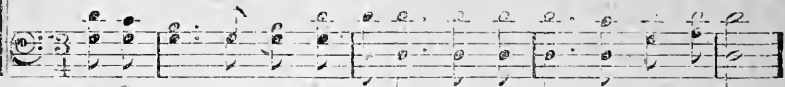
"Incline your ear, and come unto Me; hear, and your soul shall live." —Isaiah 55: 3.

W. E. CATLIN.

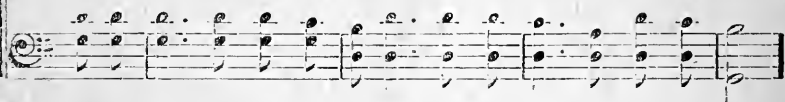
H. R. JEFFREY.



1. Come, and give your heart to Je-sus. He who died on Cal - va - ry;
2. Turn from all your world-ly treasure, Give your heart to Je - sus now;
3. Give up all your will to Je-sus, And be led by Him a-lone;



For He shed His blood most precious, To re-deem and set you free.
 You will find a sweet-er pleasure, When to our dear Lord you bow.
 He will fill your heart with gladness, When He's seated on its throne.



CHORUS.



Will you come to our dear Saviour? Will you come? He'll set you free.



Will you come and let Him save you? Will you come, God's child to be?




No. 41.

Sing the Love of Jesus!


"I will sing, for God is my defence, and the God of my mercy."—Psalm 59: 17.

D. S. WARNER.

J. C. FISHER.



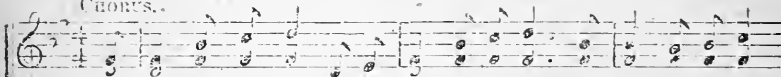
1. Oh, let us sing the might-y love That moved the heart of Je-sus;
 2. How deep in sin my soul was lost, But oh! I found sal - va - tion;
 3. O Lamb of God, our hearts dissolve, As round the cross we gath - er;
 4. O Lord, we sink low at thy feet, Our hearts to Thee we ren - der:
 5. When first I saw the Cru - ci - fied, He spake my sins for - giv - en;
 6. Come, all the world, the great your sin, A black and fear - ful mountain:



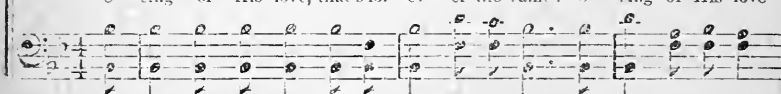
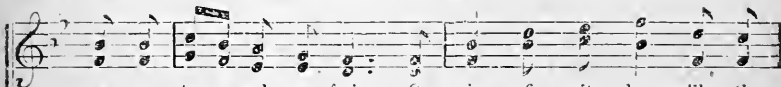

Turn a - way from scenes a - bove, To pit - y and re - deem us.
 'Twas Je - sus' death this gift did cost, So free to ev - ry na - tion.
 Woe! Then didst give Thy life to prove Thy boundless love for - ev - er.
 Thy love so great, so pure and deep, We weep, a - dore and won - der.
 Then in His blood He sanc - ti - fied And made me pure as Heav - en.
 The sav - our's love will take you in, And cleanse you in the foun - tain.



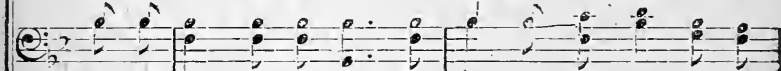
CHORUS.



O sing of His love, that's for - ev - er the same! O sing of His love

an e - ter - nal re - frain; O in - fi - nite love, like the




o - cean and wave, In Je - sus the Might - y, the Might - y to save!



"They which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one Christ Jesus."—Rom. 5: 17.

D. S. WARNER.

J. C. FISHER.

1. Do you tri - umph, O my broth - er, O - ver all this world of sin?
 2. One we hail as King Im - mor - tal, He did earth and hell sub - due;
 3. Shall we, then, by sin be hum - bled? Must we yield to an - y foe?
 4. Oh, what grace and high pro - mo - tion, That in Je - sus I should be
 5. All this life is bliss - ful sun - shine, Earth is sub - ject at our feet;
 6. Then we'll sing and shout the sto - ry, Of the won - drous blood Di - vine;

In each storm of trib - u - la - tion, Does your Je - sus reign with-in?
 And be - queath - ing us His glo - ry, We are kings a - pointed too.
 No, by Heav - en's "gift" we're reigning O - ver all this world be - low.
 Raised from sin to roy - al hon - or, Ev - en reign - ing, Lord, with Thee.
 Heav - en pours its rich - est bless - ings Round our throne of love com - plete.
 Full sal - va - tion, glo - ry! glo - ry! I am reign - ing all the time.

CHORUS.

I am reign - ing, sweetly reign - ing, Far a - bove..... this

Reigning, sweetly reigning, Reigning in this life, Reigning in this life;

world of strife; In my bles - sed lov - ing
 Reigning, sweetly reigning, Reigning in this life,

I'm Reigning in this Life.—Concluded.

Sav - our, I am reign - ing in this life.

Reigning in this life; Reigning, sweetly reigning, I am reigning in this life.

No. 43. Oh, 'Twas Love that Found Out Me!

SILAS G. ODELL. "I found Him whom my soul loveth."—CANT. 3: 4.

H. R. JEFFREY.

1. I know that my Re-dem-er lives, Oh! how He loves; What joy the blest
2. He lives, He lives, who once was dead, Oh! how He loves; He lives, my ev-
3. He lives, my man-sion to pre-pare, Oh! how He loves; He lives to bring
4. He lives, my hun-ger soul to feed, Oh! how He love; He lives to help
5. He lives, all glo-ry to His name! Oh! how He loves; He lives, my Sav-

CHORUS.

as-sur-ance give, Oh! how He loves. 'Twas love, 'twas love, Oh, it was love
er-last-ing Head, Oh! how He loves.
me, safe-ly there, Oh! how He loves
in time of need, Oh! how He loves.
our, still the same, Oh! how He loves.

That moved the mighty God; Oh, 'twas love, 'twas love, 'twas love that found out me!

6 He lives to bless me with His love,
Oh! how He loves;
He lives to plead for me above,
Oh! how He loves.

7 He lives to sanctify my soul,
Oh! how He loves;
He lives His glory to unfold,
Oh! how he loves.

"Him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."—Rev. 2; 7.

H. R. J.

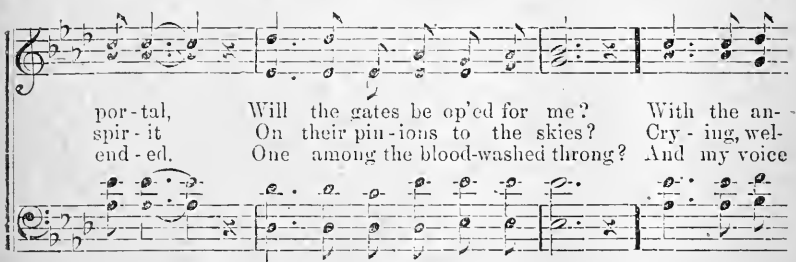
H. R. J.



1. { Shall I ev - er be per - mit - ted, Shall I ev - er
 { Thro' the pearly gates ad - mit - ted, To the fields so
 2. { Will the Saviour come to meet me, Down at Jordan's
 { With a lov - ing smile to greet me, As I reach the
 3. { Shall I reach the fields E - ly - sian, Freed from tempest,
 { With a bright, Im - mor - tal vis - ion, Heav - en's wonders



1st. 2d.
 en - ter there? bright and fair? } When I come to heaven's
 swell - ing tide? oth - er side? } Will the an - gels bear my
 heat, and cold? to be - hold? } Shall I be, when life is



por - tal, Will the gates be op'ed for me? With the an -
 spir - it On their pin - ions to the skies? Cry - ing, wel -
 end - ed. One among the blood - washed throng? And my voice



gels find a wel - come, Face to face my Sav - iour see?
 come! welcome!! welcome!!! To the fields of par - a - dise?
 with their's be blend - ed In one grand e - ter - nal song?


No. 45.

Captured by Love.

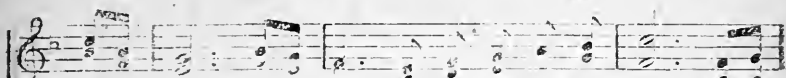
D. S. WAENER.

"I drew them with bands of love."—Hos. 11: 4.

J. C. FISHER.




1. Oh, how can an - y one re - fuse Such a Sav - iour as
2. And did my fol - ly ev - er grieve, To a - ban - don all




my Lord? Why not each heart now free - ly choose Sal -
my sir? The King of glo - ry to re - ceive, And

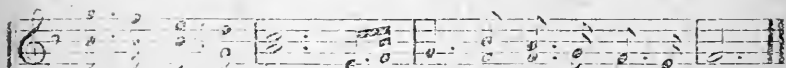
CHORUS.



va - tion in His pre - cious Word? O Je - sus, thou hast
all this bound - less love in Him?



died for me, I yield a captive to Thy love! And all my



all I give to Thee, In this and fu - ture worlds a - bove.

3 Thou pure and gentle Prince of Peace,
Thou didst bear my sins and shame;
And till this mortal life shall cease,
My song shall bless thy holy name.

4 You, far beyond this fleeting shore,
While eternal years roll on,
That dearest name I'll still adore,
With all thy ransomed, holy throng.

No. 46.

Good Desires.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."—Psalm 37: 4.

Words and Music

By H. R. JEFFREY.

1. Good de-sires, oh! what a bless-ing, It is a fa-vor
 2. Good de-sires will nev-er save you, For they can-not for
 3. Good de-sires are not suf-fi-cient, They can-not make thy

all can have; Yet, a-lone they're not suf-fi-cient, For good de-
 sin a-tone, And they'll prove a vain de-lu-sion, To those who
 hope com-plete; Add de-sires to ex-pec-ta-tion, And hum-bly

CHORUS.

sires can nev-er save. Put them in practice, yes, put them in
 trust in them a-lone.
 dwell at Je-sus' feet.

practice, And then thou shalt not fail; Put them in practice, and

trust thou in Je-sus, And then thou shalt pre-vail.

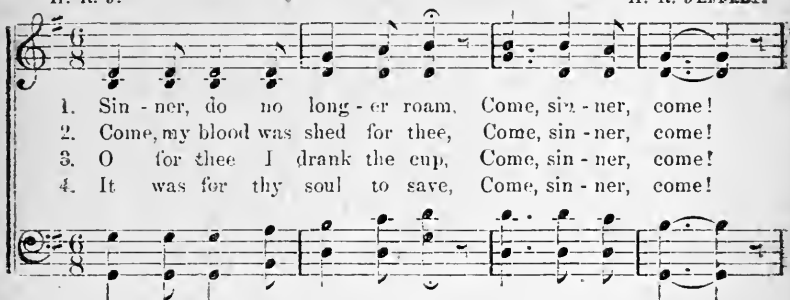
No. 47.

The Saviour's Call.

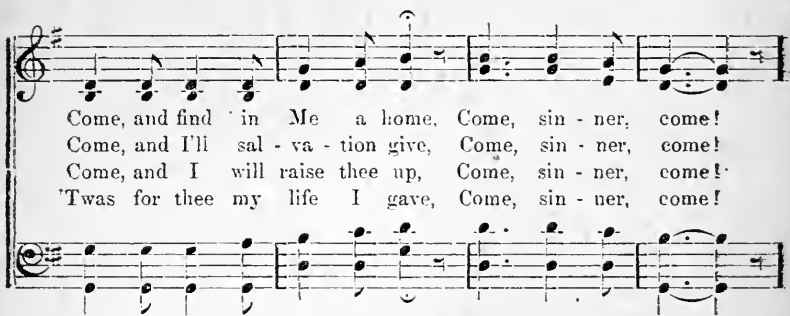
"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—Jno. 11: 28.

H. R. J.

H. R. JEFFREY.



1. Sin - ner, do no long - er roam. Come, sin - ner, come!
 2. Come, my blood was shed for thee, Come, sin - ner, come!
 3. O for thee I drank the cup, Come, sin - ner, come!
 4. It was for thy soul to save, Come, sin - ner, come!



Come, and find in Me a home. Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, and I'll sal - va - tion give, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, and I will raise thee up, Come, sin - ner, come!
 'Twas for thee my life I gave, Come, sin - ner, come!

CHORUS.



Come, sin - ner, come! Come, sin - ner, come!



Come, and find in Me a home, Come, sin - ner, come!

No. 48.

Come to Jesus!

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 7.

Words and Music

By H. R. JEFFREY.

1. I hear the Sav-iour plead-ing, O list-en to His call! The
 2. There is no use of starv-ing, His ta-ble's ev-er spread; With
 3. O do no long-er ling-er, there is too much at stake, Be-
 4. O what a bless-ed Sav-iour, so lov-ing and so kind, To

bless-ed in-vi-ta-tion it reach-es un-to all:
 pre-cious Bread of Heav-en your souls may all be fed;
 gin at once to la-bor, thy i-dle-ness for-sake;
 all the poor and need-y, the lame, the halt, the blind;

"O come, and I will heal you, O come, I'll make you free."
 Yes, all is read-y wait-ing, O come, and taste and eat!
 For work-ing for the Mas-ter, is al-ways sure to pay.
 Yes, all man-kind's in-vit-ed, and there is no ex-cuse.

D.S. Come, come a-way! come, come a-way! come, come, come a-way!

Fine. CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus one and all. Come, come a-way! come, come a-
 Come to Je-sus one and all.
 Work for Je-sus one and all.
 Come to Je-sus one and all.

Come to Je-sus one and all.

Come to Jesus!—Concluded.

D.S.

way! All are in dan - ger, make no de - lay;

No. 49. Holy Spirit, Full of Love.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."—Gal. 5: 22, 23.

L. S. RIGGS.

L. S. RIGGS.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, fill us now, While beneath the cross we bow,
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, full of grace, Show us now the Father's face;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, full of love, Com - ing like a gen - tle dove,
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, keep us still, Help us do the Father's will;

Fill us full of peace and love, Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove.
 Bright - ly shin - ing from on high, Thro' a bright and beauteous sky.
 Come, baptize our hearts a - new, Sweet - ly, gen - tly, like the dew.
 Give us grace, and strength each day, Keep us in the liv - ing way.

No. 50.

Great Peace.

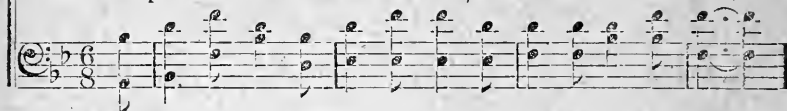
"Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."
—Psalm 119: 165.

D. S. WARNER.

J. C. FISHER.



1. Great peace have they that love thy Law, And nothing shall of - fend;
2. Great peace have all the Sons of Light, Who live to God a - lone;
3. Great peace have all the sanc - ti - fied, The Prince of Peace within;
4. Great peace have all that walk with God, And in His bo - som rest;



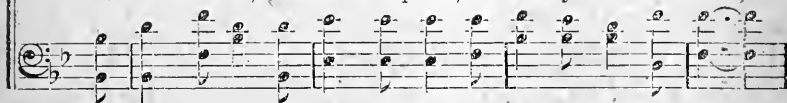
With Je - sus and the Com - fort - er Our bliss can nev - er end.
Our soul is filled with glo - ry bright, Our heart the Saviour's throne.
He speaks, "Thy peace be multiplied," An ev - er - last - ing spring.
Each moment saved by Je - sus' blood, And in Him ful - ly blest.



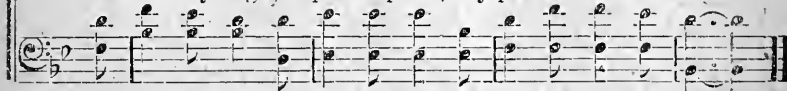
CHORUS.



Je - ru - sa - lem, sweet home of peace, Fair Cit - y from a - bove;



How sweet thy reign of perfect peace, Thy par - a - dise of love.



5 Great peace, whatever may betide
The peace of God each hour;
We rest in Him, the Crucified,
Kept by His mighty power.

6 Great peace, no tongue can tell how great,
A deep and shoreless sea;
Sweet peace, O blessed, blessed state!
It flows eternally.

"God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth."—2 Thess. 2: 13.

Words and Music

By ALLIE R. FISHER.

1. I once was in sorrow, and bowed down with grief, I came to the Saviour, He
 2. 'Tis blood that hath bought me, 'twas shed on the tree, My crucified Saviour a-
 3. Oh, blessed salvation, my joy is complete, I'm waiting for wisdom at

gave me re - lief; How great is the fa - vor be-stowed up-on me, My
 toned there for me; And while He did suf - fer the death on the cross, He
 dear Je - sus' feet; 'Twas there He did cleanse me completely from sin. He

CHORUS.

dear blessed Saviour now maketh me free. Bless - ed sal - va - tion
 said: "It is finished, and gave up the Ghost."
 keeps me so sweetly, with-out and with-in.

gift from a-bove! Blessed sal - va - tion, token of love! Blessed sal -

va - tion, my Je - sus bestowed! I'm sanctified wholly, made white in His blood.

No. 52.

No Peace to the Wicked.

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."—Isaiah 57: 21.

D. S. WARNER.

H. R. JEFFREY.

1. O sin-ner, come home to the Sav-iour, Now yield to His lov-ing con-trol;
 2. How oft-en you've sought for true pleasure, Mid earth-ly com-mo-tion and strife;
 3. The Fa-ther has loved you most dear-ly, And of-fered sal-va-tion so kind;
 4. See Je-sus on Cal-va-ry bleed-ing! His death thy sal-va-tion has cost;
 5. Tho' gnil-ty, and wretched, and gloom-y, Lo! Je-sus invites you to Him;
 6. O yield to the love of the Sav-iour, Then peace like a riv-er shall flow.

O why do you walk in such dan-ger? No peace, no peace in thy soul!
 In vain you have labored for treas-ure, No peace, no peace in this life!
 But O! you are sin-ful and wea-ry, No peace, no peace can you find!
 For you He is ten-der-ly plead-ing. No peace, no peace to the lost!
 O en-ter His King-dom of Glo-ry! No peace, no peace in thy sin!
 But if you re-tuse His kind fa-vor, No peace, no peace can you know!

CHORUS.

O sin-ner, the Sav-iour has willed thee His king-dom of heav-en-ly peace;

O come, and His rich-es of glo-ry With-in thee shall ev-er in-crease.

REFRAIN.

Sweet peace, Sweet peace, Sweet peace in thy soul!

Are You Saved?

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 9.

L. S. Riggs.

L. S. Riggs.

1. Are you saved in Je-sus by the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you
 2. Are you grow-ing dai-ly in His like-ness now? Are you
 3. Does He keep you al-ways by His might-y pow'r? Are you

saved by the blood of the Lamb? Are you now be-liev-ing in His
 saved by the blood of the Lamb? Does He ev-er fill you with His
 saved by the blood of the Lamb? Do you live for Je-sus ev-ry

REFRAIN.

precious Word? Are you saved by the blood of the Lamb? } Are you saved
 Spir-it's love? Are you saved by the blood of the Lamb? } Have you come
 blessed hour? Are you saved by the blood of the Lamb?

Are you saved?

by the blood, By the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? }
 to the Lord? Are you saved in the blood of the Lamb? }

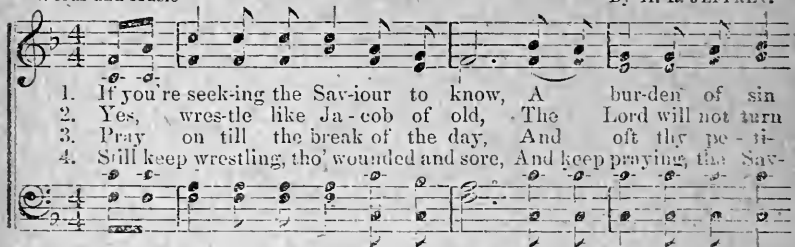
Are you saved?

No. 54. *Wrestle, Like Jacob of Old!*

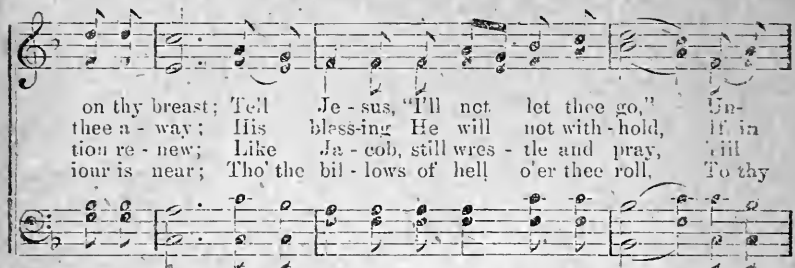
"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."—Gen. 32: 26.

Words and Music

By H. R. JEFFREY.

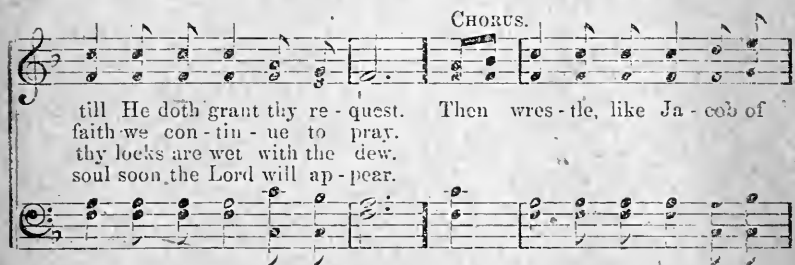


1. If you're seek-ing the Sav-iour to know, A bur-den of sin
 2. Yes, wres-tle like Ja-cob of old, The Lord will not turn
 3. Pray on till the break of the day, And oft thy pe-ti-
 4. Still keep wrestling, tho' wounded and sore, And keep praying the Sav-

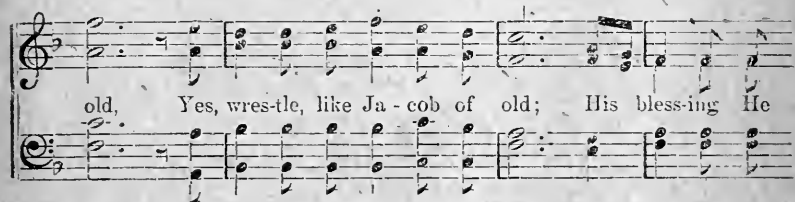


on thy breast; Tell Je-sus, "I'll not let thee go," Un-
 thee a-way; His blessing He will not with-hold, If in
 tion re-new; Like Ja-cob, still wres-tle and pray, Till
 iour is near; Tho' the bil-lows of hell o'er thee roll, To thy

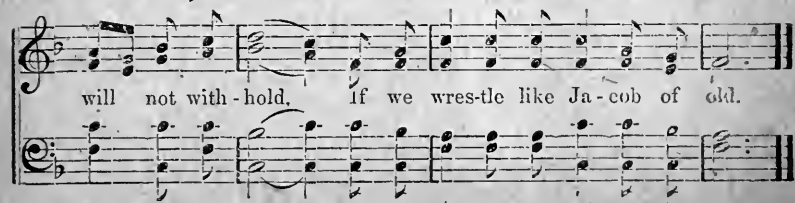
CHORUS.



till He doth grant thy re-quest. Then wres-tle, like Ja-cob of
 faith-we con-tin-ue to pray.
 thy locks are wet with the dew.
 soul soon the Lord will ap-pear.



old, Yes, wres-tle, like Ja-cob of old; His blessing He



will not with-hold, If we wres-tle like Ja-cob of old.

Low Down at His Feet.

"Behold a woman which was a sinner, stood at His feet weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet; and He said to the woman: Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace."—Luke 7: 37, 38, 50.

EMMA A. LYON.

J. C. FISHER.

1. All hail the glad tidings, the Sav-iour is mine! I'm basking in the sun-light of
 2. I'll tell to the world that the Saviour is mine, Far a-bove all its pleasures my
 3. My rest is so sweet with my Saviour so dear, He has banished the night, and hath
 4. And now I am walking with Je-sus, the Light, My garments are spotless, my

glo - ry di - vine; With-in this blest ref - uge my soul is com-plete, 1
 soul it doth shine: I now have the vic-t'ry, my faith is com-plete, 1
 cast out all fear; Oh! He is so lov-ing, in Him I'm com-plete, 1
 robe it is white; My lamp is bright burning, my joy is com-plete, 1

CHORUS.

came for the cleansing low down at His feet. 'Twas there He did cleanse me and
 came for the cleansing low down at His feet.
 came for the cleansing low down at His feet.
 came for the cleansing low down at His feet.

fill me with pow'r, I'm walking with Je-sus each moment and hour: His blood makes me

ho - ly, yes, free from all sin, My soul is bright shining, I've heaven with-in.

"According to His mercy He saved us by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost."—Titus 3: 5.

H. R. J.

H. R. JEFFREY.

1. I am Thine, dear bless-ed Je - sus all Thine, All of
 2. All the rich - es of this world I for - sake; Ev - ry
 3. I give up all sin - ful pleas - ures and mirth, Ev - ry
 4. To these vows I'll ev - er firm - ly re - main, Giv - ing

self now to the death I con - sign; Glad - ly, glad - ly all I
 tie that may now bind me I break; No re - serve now to my-
 thing, yes, that would bind me to earth; What will all these earthly
 all, still I have all things to gain! Tho' by friends I be re-

D.S.—Tis a blessing that my

have I re - sign, That sal - va - tion in its full - ness be mine.
 self will I make, Tho' I pass thro' flam - ing fire at the stake!
 pleasures be worth When the flames of God's wrath sweep the earth?
 ject - ed and slain, With the King in all His beau - ty I'll re - gn.

heart long has craved, Glo - ry! glo - ry be to Je - sus, I'm saved!

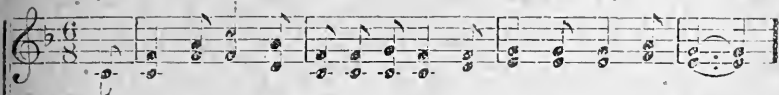
CHORUS.
 Glo - ry! glo - ry be to Je - sus, I'm saved!
 Glo - ry! glo - ry be to Je - sus, I'm saved!

No. 57. While Shepherds Watched their Flocks.

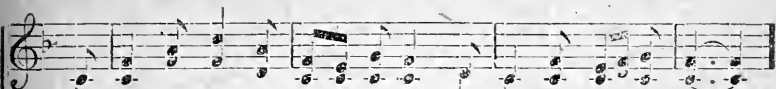
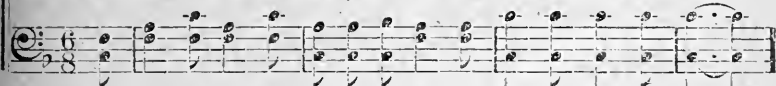
"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest! and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2: 13, 14.

Words by J. C. FISHER.

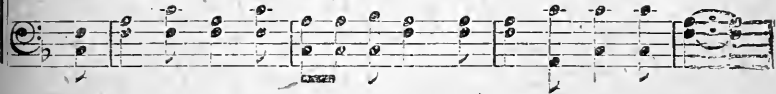
Music by H. R. JEFFREY.



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, From dangers that surround;
2. The shepherds they were sore a-fraid, And troubled in their mind;
3. To you in Beth-le-hem this day Is born of roy-al line,
4. The shepherds glo-ri-fied their God For what they saw and heard;



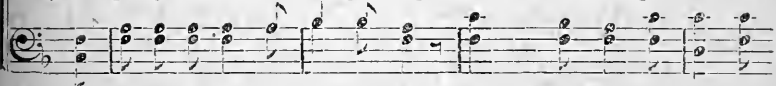
The an-gel of the Lord shone bright, With glo-ry all a-round,
I bring, said He, in white arrayed, Great joy to all man-kind,
A Sav-iour, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be a sign,
Good will to all, the an-gels sang, Who love and keep His word.



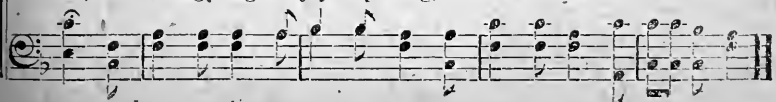
CHORUS.



All glo-ry to God! the an-gels sing, Peace on earth, and good will to



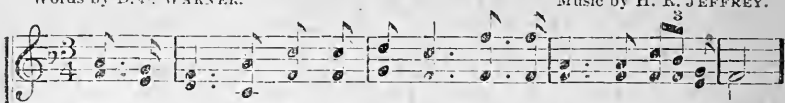
men; Glad tidings of great joy they bring, All hail the Star of Beth-le-hem!



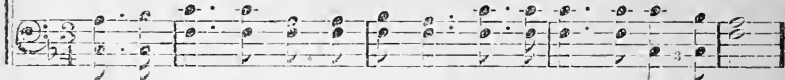
"It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."—Zech. 14: 7.

Words by D. S. WARNER.

Music by H. R. JEFFREY.




1. Bright-er days are sweet-ly dawn-ing, O the glo - ry looms in sight!
 2. Mist-y fogs, so long con-veal-ing All the hills of mingled night,
 3. Sa - tan, the ac - cus-ing drag-on, Once as-sumed an an - gel bright,
 4. Lo! the ran-somed are re - turn-ing, Robed in shin-ing crys-tal white;



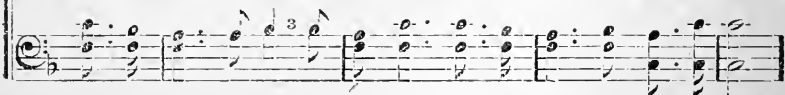


For the cloud-y day is wan-ing, And the eve-ning shall be light.
 Van-ish, all their sin re-veal-ing, For the eve-ning shall be light.
 But he's driv - en out of Heav-en, By the bless-ed eve-ning light.
 Leaping, shout-ing home to Zi - on, Happy in the eve-ning light.



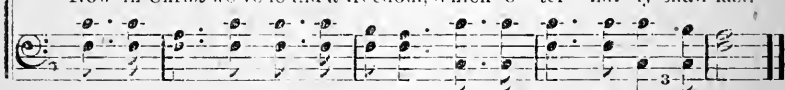
CHORUS.



O what gold - en glo - ry streaming, Pur - er light is com-ing fast;

Now in Christ we've found a freedom, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall last.



5 Free from babel, in the Spirit,
 Free to worship God aright;
 Joy and gladness we're receiving,
 O how sweet this evening light!

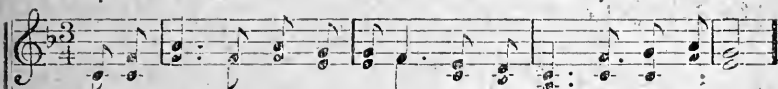
6 Hallelujah! 'saints are singing,
 Vic'try in Jehovah's might;
 Glory! glory! keep it ringing,
 We are saved in evening light.

No. 59. I Have Given All to Jesus!

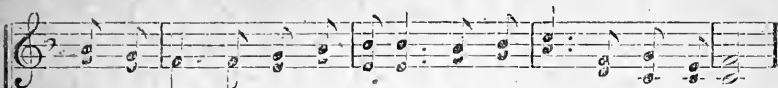
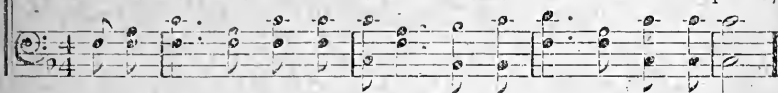
"My Lord, O King! according to Thy saying, I am Thine, and all that I have."—1 Kings 20: 4.

Words by CELIA KILPATRICK.

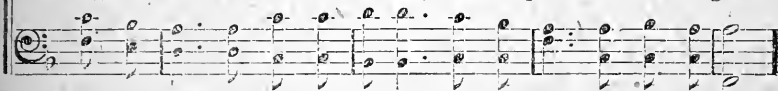
Music by ALLIE R. FISHER.



1. I have giv - en all to Je - sus! Him to fol - low ev - er more;
2. As I trust Him ev - ry moment, Oh! He keeps me sweet - ly saved!
3. Now my soul breaks forth in singing Glorious songs of vic - to - ry!
4. O the wondrous love of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with praise;



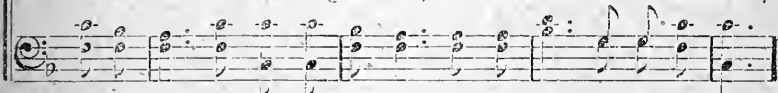
And my bless - ed Lord and Master Now is march - ing on be - fore.
He hath loved me, oh so dear - ly! Yes, for me His life He gave.
Je - sus in my heart is reigning, He shall have e - ter - nal sway.
Through His blood He hath redeemed us, And this pre - cious love He gave.



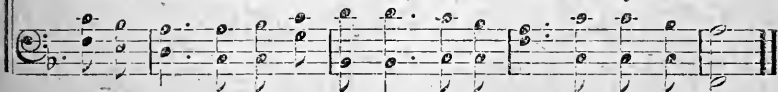
CHORUS.



Oh! I know 'tis He who guides me, And I fol - low His com - mand;



For I feel He is so near me, As to lead me by the hand.



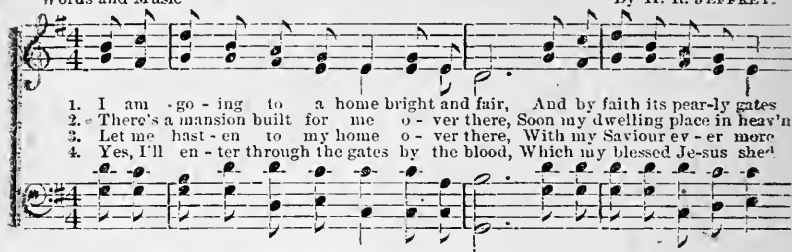
5 Soon we'll see our Saviour coming
In the clouds, O glorious sight!
With a host of shining angels,
Power, majesty, and might.

6 Then we'll all go home to glory,
And with Jesus ever dwell;
He who purchased our redemption,
Yes, He doeth all things well.

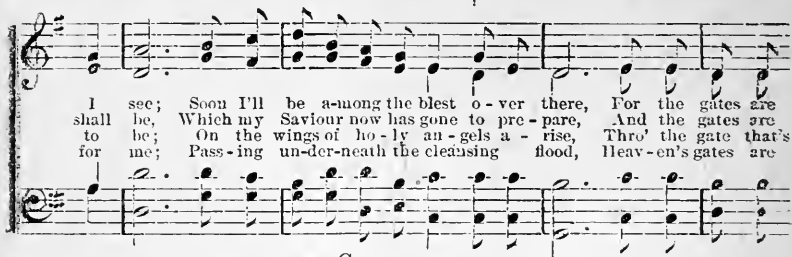
"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the City was pure gold, as it were transparent glass."—Rev. 21: 21.

Words and Music

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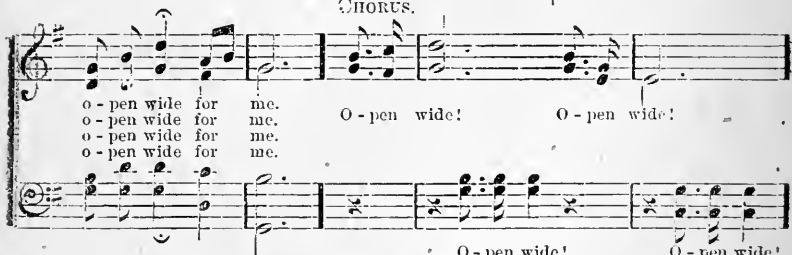


1. I am - go - ing to a home bright and fair, And by faith its pear - ly gates
 2. There's a mansion built for me o - ver there, Soon my dwelling place in heav'n
 3. Let me hast - en to my home o - ver there, With my Saviour ev - er more
 4. Yes, I'll en - ter through the gates by the blood, Which my blessed Je - sus shed

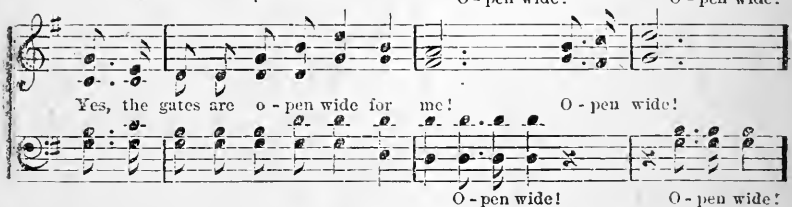


I see; Soon I'll be a-mong the blest o - ver there, For the gates are
 shall be; Which my Saviour now has gone to pre - pare, And the gates are
 to be; On the wings of ho - ly an - gels a - rise, Thro' the gate that's
 for me; Pass - ing un - der - neath the cleans - ing flood, Heav - en's gates are

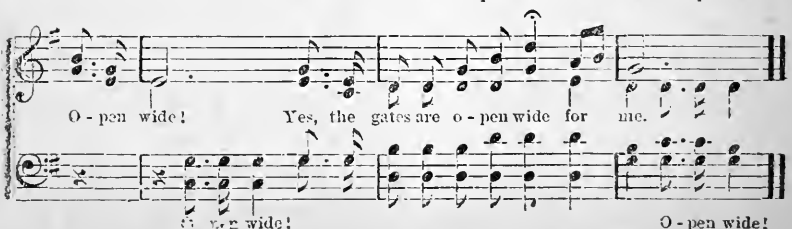
CHORUS.



o - pen wide for me. O - pen wide! O - pen wide!
 o - pen wide for me.
 o - pen wide for me.
 o - pen wide for me.



Yes, the gates are o - pen wide for me! O - pen wide!
 O - pen wide! O - pen wide!



O - pen wide! Yes, the gates are o - pen wide for me.
 O - pen wide! O - pen wide!


No. 61.

In the Ark.

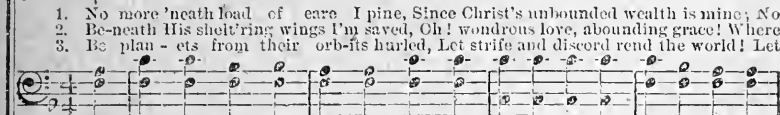
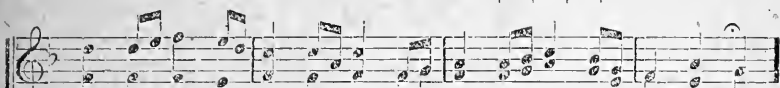
"Thou art my hiding place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Psalms 32: 7.

S. G. ODELL.

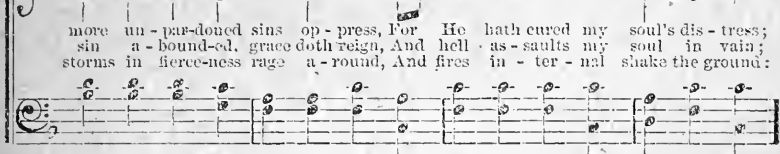
J. C. FISHER.



1. No more 'neath load of care I pine, Since Christ's unbounded wealth is mine; No
 2. Be-neath His sheit'ring wings I'm saved, Oh! wondrous love, abounding grace! Where
 3. Be plan - ets from their orb-fits hurled, Let strife and discord rend the world! Let

more un - par-doned sins op - press, For He hath cured my soul's dis - tress;
 sin a - bound-ed, grace doth reign, And hell - as - sults my soul in vain;
 storms in fierce-ness rage a - round, And fires in - ter - nal shake the ground:





Un - chang-ing bliss in Him I find, A con - stant feast, con - tent-ed mind;
 All weak-ness I, all strength my King! Thro' Him my foes I'm con-quer-ing;
 Vol - can - ie force the mountains shake, My soul shall nei - ther fear nor quake;



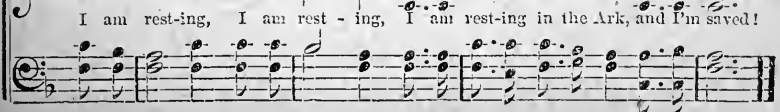

The cleans-ing wave flows o'er my soul, His Spir - it tells me I am whole.
 He pledg-es vic - t'ry to my soul, Thro' Christ, who makes my spir-it whole.
 For all a-round, be - neath, a - bove, Move at the im - pulse of His love.



REFRAIN.



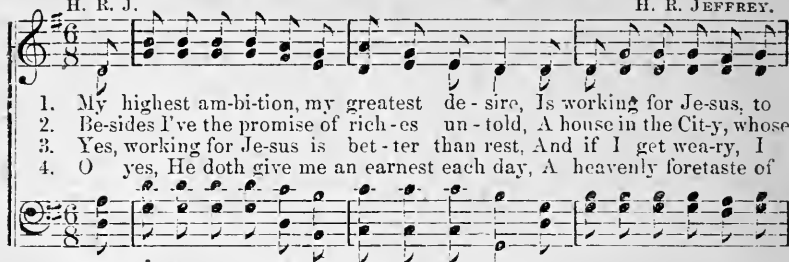
I am rest-ing, I am rest - ing, I am rest-ing in the Ark, and I'm saved!



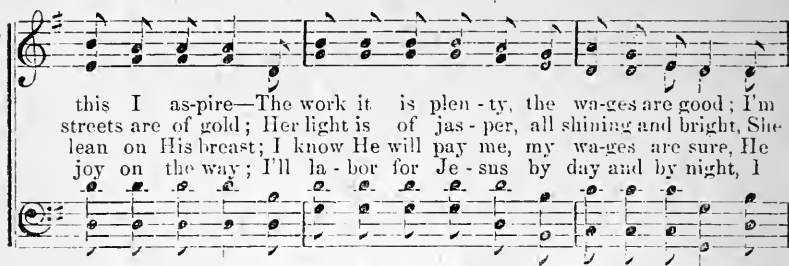
"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love."—Heb. 6: 10.

H. R. J.

H. R. JEFFREY.

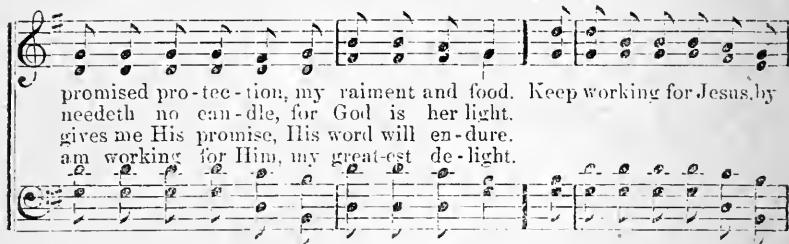


1. My highest am-bi-tion, my greatest de-sire, Is working for Je-sus, to
 2. Be-sides I've the promise of rich-es un-told, A house in the City, whose
 3. Yes, working for Je-sus is bet-ter than rest, And if I get weary, I
 4. O yes, He doth give me an earnest each day, A heavenly foretaste of

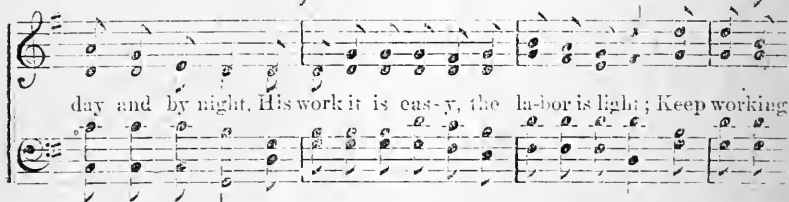


this I as-pire—The work it is plen-ty, the wa-ges are good; I'm
 streets are of gold; Her light is of jas-per, all shining and bright, She
 lean on His breast; I know He will pay me, my wa-ges are sure, He
 joy on the way; I'll la-bor for Je-sus by day and by night, I

CHORUS.



promised pro-tec-tion, my raiment and food. Keep working for Jesus, by
 needeth no can-dle, for God is her light.
 gives me His promise, His word will en-dure.
 am working for Him, my great-est de-light.



day and by night, His work it is eas-y, the la-bor is light; Keep working



for Jesus, my greatest delight, Keep working for Jesus by day and by night.

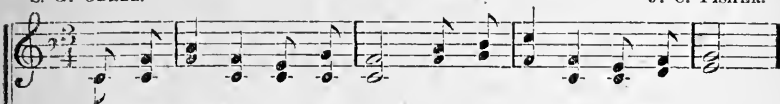
No. 63.

Lord, Save me!

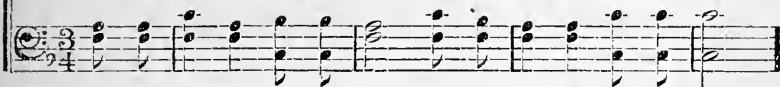
"O Lord, save me, and I shall be saved; for Thou art my praise."—Jer. 17: 14.

S. G. ODELL.

J. C. FISHER.



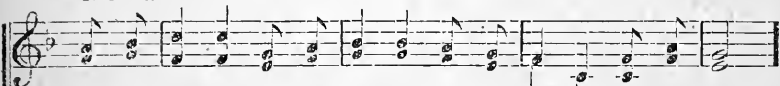
1. Je - sus, I would lay my head, Wea-ry, ach-ing, on Thy breast;
2. Naught my soul can sat - is - fy, None but Thee my woes re - lieve;
3. At Thy Cross I hum-bly bow; At the fountain cleansing claim;



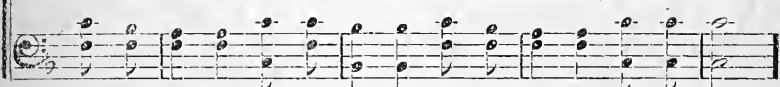
Wea - ry now of toil and strife, I would come to Thee for rest.
Now my na - ture sanc-ti - fy, Par-don, peace, and heaven give.
To no oth - er can I go, Come, I on - ly in Thy name!



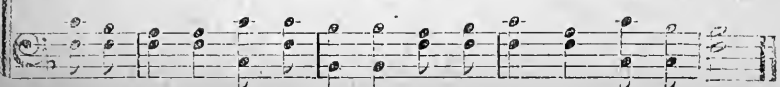
CHORUS.



Je-sus, cleanse me, Je-sus cleanse me, While be-fore Thy cross I bow



I am now so near the foun-tain, Je-sus, cleanse me, cleanse me now.



No. 64.

O Sinner, Come to Jesus!

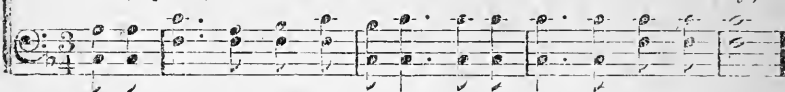
"He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him."—Heb. 7: 25.

EMILY BARNER.

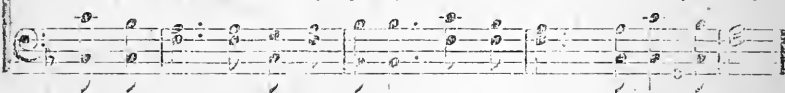
ALLIE R. FISHER.



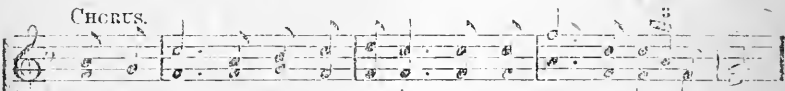
1. Hear the Gos - pel trumpet sounding News from Zi-on's King pro-claim;
2. Sin - ner, will you scorn the message, Sent in mer - cy from a - bove?
3. Come, poor sin-ner, come to Je - sus! He will wash your sins a - way;
4. Come, poor sin-ner, come to Je - sus! Do not long - er here de - lay;
5. Come, I plead, O come to Je - sus! Come while it is called to - day;



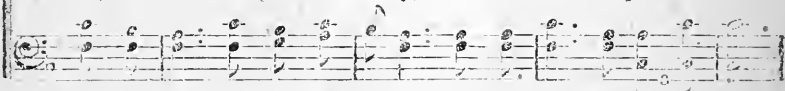
To each reb - el sin-ner par-don, Free for-give - ness in His name.
 Ev-'ry sen-tence, oh how ten-der! Ev-'ry line is full of love.
 He will cleanse your spotted garments, Make them pure as per-fect dry.
 He will grant you free for-give-ness, Come, He died your debt to pay.
 Do not grieve the Ho - ly Spir-it, Come, dear sin - ner, while you may.



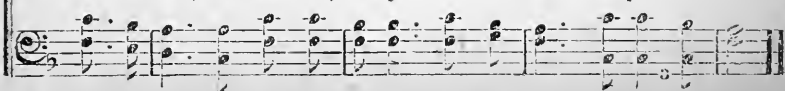
CHORUS.



Yes, His love He gave so freely, That He shed His precious blood.



And He now, dear sin - ner, tru-ly In - ter - ce-des for you a - bove.



The Prodigal's Return.

"I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee."—Luke 15: 18.

Words and Music

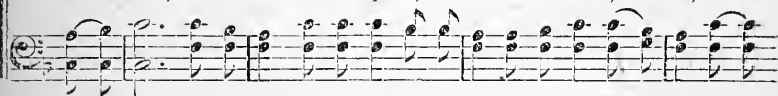
By J. C. FISHER.



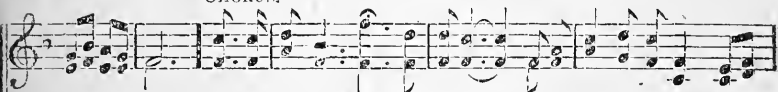
1. O how wea-ry and sad is my ach-ing heart to-day, As I languish a-long.
2. O my garments are stained, and I'm longing to be fed, For I starve in a for-
3. I'll a - rise, and go home, and low bending at his feet, He will pit - y the long.
4. When the Fa-ther did see his dear son was coming back, Had compassion, and ran.
5. Now the lost one is found, and he's dressed in robes of white, And is safe - ly at home.
6. So the sin - ner who comes to the Father's loving arms, Shall be welcomed to his



to die; Let me go, let me go to my home far a-way, For which my poor
eign land; While my own Father's house is abounding with bread, And boun-teous
lost one; Yes, I'll go! I will go! to his arms I will flee, He'll wel-come the
and smiled, And with tears of great joy as he fell on his neck, He kissed his poor
a gain; And the roy-al palace hall with its glitt'ring light, Re-sounds with a
dear home; He shall dwell there in peace, and be safe from alarms, And rest, nev-er

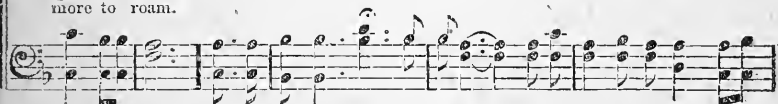


CHORUS.

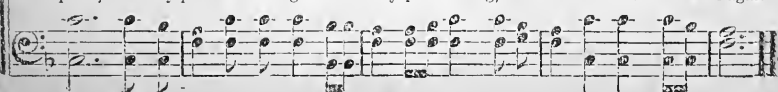


soul doth sigh.
is his hand.
wand'ring son.
wea-ry child.
glad re-frain.
more to roam.

I am com-ing! Fa-ther, com-ing, And I know Thou wilt soothe the



pain; And my poor throbbing heart with joy shall sing, When the wanderer's home again.



No. 66.

He Will Guide Me.

"I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psalm 32: 8.

LORENA A. LYON.

J. C. FISHER.

1. O the bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it, How He leads me in the way;
 2. Jesus is my on - ly ref - uge, I will trust Him ev - 'ry day;
 3. Let us praise Him, bless-ed Je - sus, O His glo - ry fills my soul!

In the straight and nar-row path-way. In the light of per-fect day.
 For I know He'll nev - er leave me. He will guide me in the way
 Oh, His love! no tongue can tell it, I am ev - 'ry whit made whole.

CHORUS.

Shout His praises on the hill-tops. Tell it to the world a-round;

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Lal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav-iour I have found.

4 O I know He'll never leave me,
 For I have Him in my heart;
 Blessed Jesus, precious Saviour,
 I will never from Thee part.

5 And when all the loved ones gather
 In that blessed home above,
 We will praise Him there forever,
 Dwelling in the realms of love.

No. 67. Come, Jesus, Reign in Me!

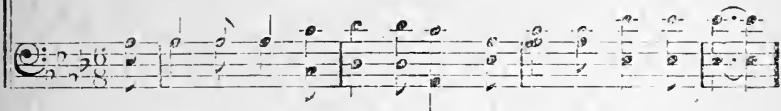
"We will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John 14: 23.

Words and Music

By H. R. JEFFREY.



1. For per- feet love I long have groaned, I would be whol-ly Thine;
2. All foes cast out, let this poor heart Be filled with love di- vine;
3. Let per- feet love my por- tion be, To Thee my all re- sign!
4. No earth-ly language can ex-press The love in Christ I find;



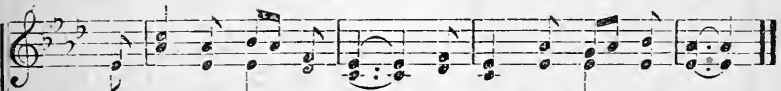
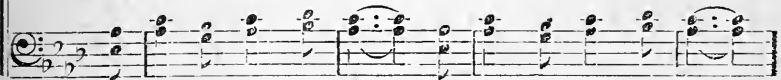
Yes, I would have the Lord enthroned In this poor heart of mine.
Se- cure-ly fixed, no more to part From this poor heart of mine.
Oh, Ho- ly One! come dwell in me, And rule this heart of mine.
'Tis boundless, and it's meas-ure-less, In this poor heart of mine.



CHORUS.



Come, Je- sus, reign in me! My heart Thy throne shall be;



Oh! tar-ry in Thy throne, 'Tis Thine, and Thine a- lone.



No. 68.

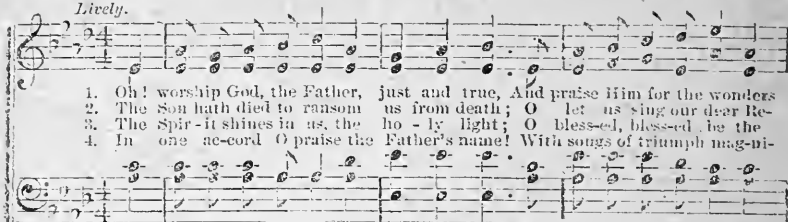
Praise the Lord!

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify Thy name forevermore."—Psalms 86: 12.

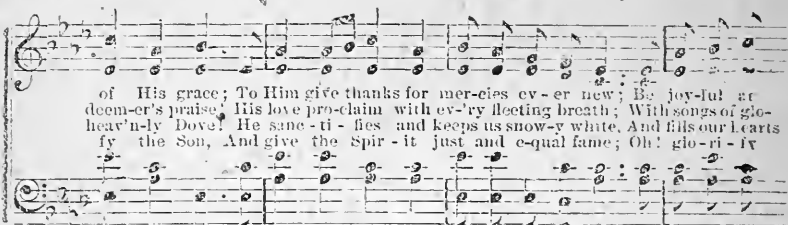
D. S. WARNER.

J. C. FISHER.

Lively.



1. Oh! worship God, the Father, just and true, And praise Him for the wonders
2. The Son hath died to ransom us from death; O let us sing our dear Re-
3. The Spir-it shines in us, the ho-ly light; O bless-ed, bless-ed be the
4. In one ac-cord O praise the Father's name! With songs of triumph mag-ni-



of His grace; To Him give thanks for mer-cies ev-er new; Be joy-ful at
deem-er's praise! His love pro-claim with ev-ry fleeting breath; With songs of glo-
heav'n-ly Dove! He sanc-ti-fies and keeps us snow-y white, And fills our hearts
fy the Son, And give the Spir-it just and e-qual fame; Oh! glo-ri-fy

CHORUS.



the smil-ing of His face.
ry crown Him all our days. Praise the Lord, who hath washed us
with constant peace and love.
the Ho-ly Three in One.

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!



in His blood! Praise the Lord who hath brought us



Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord who hath brought us home to God!

home to God! Give Him all, and worship Him a-lone, in

Praise the Lord!

Give Him all, and worship Him a-lone;

Praise the Lord!—Concluded.

sweet ac - cord, With an - gels round the throne.....

Praise the Lord, with an - gels round the throne.

No. 69. I Am From Sin Set Free.

"Now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end, everlasting life."—Rom. 6: 22.

UNKNOWN.

Chorus and Music by H. R. JEFFREY.

1. Let worldly minds the world pursue; It has no charms for me; Once I admired its
 2. Its pleasures can no longer please, Nor hap-pi-ness af - ford; Far from my heart let
 3. As by the light of opening day The stars are all con-cealed, So earthly pleasures
 4. Creatures no more di-vide my choice, I bid them all de-part; His name, His love, His

CHORUS.

tri-fles top, But grace hath set me free. Free! free!! free!!! I am from sin set
 joys like these, Now I have seen the Lord.
 fade a-way, When Je-sus is re-vealed.
 gracious voice, Have fixed my roving heart.

free! This world has now no charms for me, For Christ hath set me free!

No. 70.

The Holy Church of God.

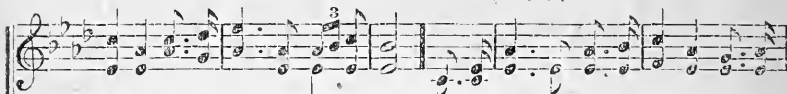
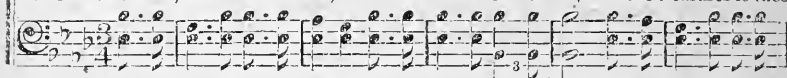
"But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God. To the general assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in Heaven."—Heb. 12: 22, 23.

D. S. WARNER.

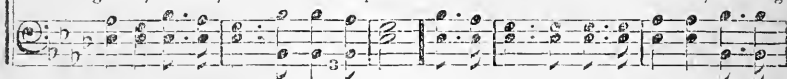
J. C. FISHER.



1. Church of God, thou spotless virgin, Church of Christ, for whom He died; Thou hast known
 2. God Himself has set the members in His bod-y all com-plete, Or-gan-ized by Je-sus
 3. Church of God, "Be-lov-ed Cit-y," Thou art of celestial mold Lo! from God, and out of
 4. God's own ho-li-ness within thee, His own beau-ty on thy brow; Glo-ri-fied in His own
 5. Church of God, in heaven written, Thine the risen life of Christ, And the treasures to thee



founder, Je-sus bought thee for His bride. Sancti-fied by God, the Fa-ther, Built by
 on-ly, O the u-nion, pure and sweet! Church of God, the angels marvel At the
 heaven, Came the cit-y of pure gold. Stones of jas-per, clear as crys-tal, Is the
 im-age, This thy wondrous portion now. In thee dwells the triune fullness, Blessing
 giv-en, Nev-er, nev-er can be priced. Far a-bove this world's confusion, Walking



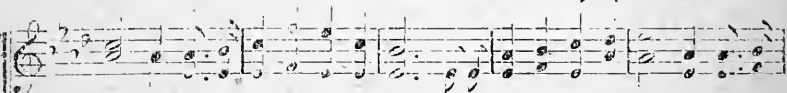
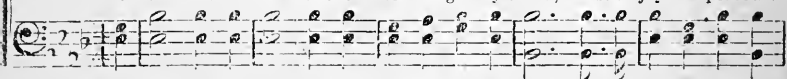
Je-sus Christ, the Son, Tempered by the Mighty Spirit, Like the Ho-ly Three in One,
 mu-sic of thy song; Earth and hell in ter-ror tremble, As thy arm-y moves a-long,
 building of thy wall; And the Lamb, thy light forever, Je-sus! Je-sus! all in all.
 all thy pilgrim days; All around thee His salvation, And before thee gates of praise,
 close by Jesus, side; Leaning on His loving bosom, Is the Church, His chosen bride.



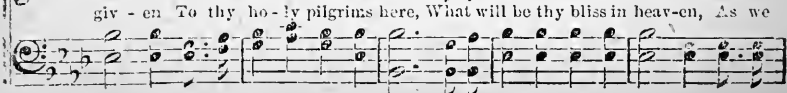
CHORUS.



O Zi-on! fair Zi-on! e-ter-nal glo-ry thine; If such joy and peace are



giv-en To thy ho-ly pilgrims here, What will be thy bliss in heav-en, As we



The Holy Church of God.—Concluded.

round the throne appear? O Zi - on! fair Zi - on! per - feet - ed beauty shine.

No. 71. The Backslider's Return.

"I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away from him."—Hosea 14: 4.

Words and Music

By H. R. JEFFREY.

1. Once I was hap-py, en - tire con-tent-ed, Je - sus was
2. Bright dreams of heaven rose just be - fore me, Vis-ions of
3. O bless - ed Je - sus, my love, de - part-ed! Remove this
4. I see Him com-ing, once more to greet me! In - ten - der

with me both night and day; But now I'm lone - ly,
glo - ry seemed ver - y nigh; But light de - part-ed,
bond-age, and set me free; I still will trust Thee,
ac - cents I hear Him say: I haste to, wel - come,

lost, love ha - ment-ed, No one to cheer me, I grope my way.
darkness came o'er me, And clouds of anguish obscured my sky.
though broken-hearted, There is none oth - er, I cling to Thee.
with joy I greet thee My sheep re - turn - ing that went a - stray!

5 God's wrath relented when I repented,
He took the darkness and clouds away;
And now I'm happy, entire contented,
Jesus is with me both night and day.

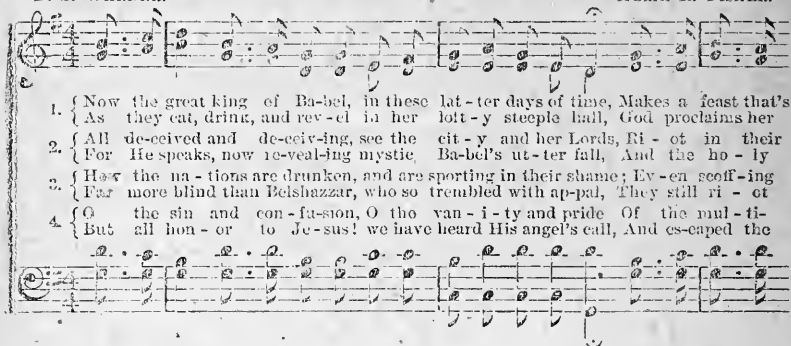
6 For this I'll praise Him till life is ended,
Yes, I will praise Him while here I stay;
And with the ransomed my voice be blended,
In songs of triumph through endless day.

No. 72. The Hand of God on the Wall.

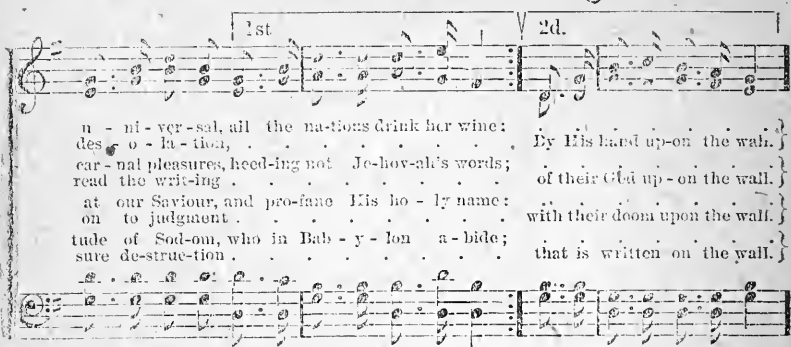
"And this is the writing that was written, God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting."—Dan. 5: 25-27.

D. S. WARNER.

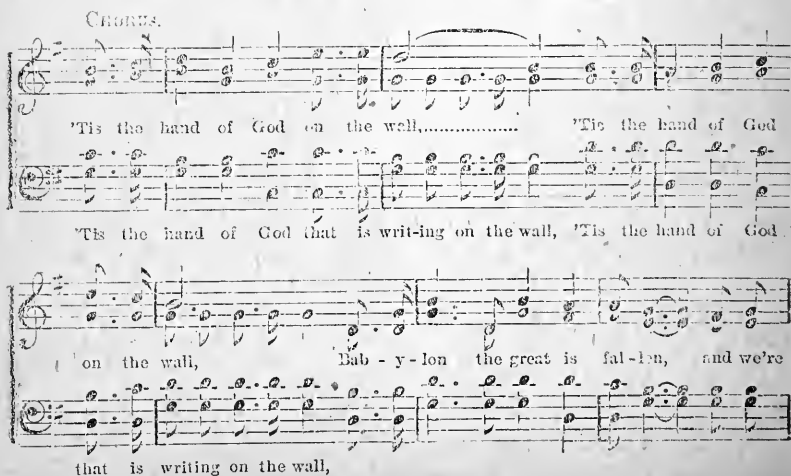
ALLIE R. FISHER.



1. Now the great king of Ba-bel, in these lat-ter days of time, Makes a feast that's
 As they eat, drink, and rev-el in her bolt-y steeple hall, God proclaims her
 2. All de-ceived and de-ceiv-ing, see the cit-y and her Lords, Ri - ot in their
 For He speaks, now re-veal-ing mystic, Ba-bel's ut-ter fall, And the ho - ly
 3. Hear the na - tions are drunken, and are sporting in their shame; Ev-en scoff-ing
 Far more blind than Belshazzar, who so trembled with ap-pal, They still ri - ot
 4. O the sin and con-fu-sion, O the van - i - ty and pride Of the mul-ti-
 But all hon - or to Je-sus! we have heard His angel's call, And es-caped the



1st. 2d.
 u - ni-ver-sal, all the na-tions drink her wine:
 des-o-la-tion, By His hand up-on the wall.
 car-nal pleasures, heed-ing not Je-hov-ah's words;
 read the writ-ing, of their God up-on the wall.
 at our Saviour, and pro-fane His ho - ly name:
 on to judgment, with their doom upon the wall.
 tude of Sod-om, who in Bab - y - lon a-bide;
 sure de-struc-tion, that is written on the wall.



CHORUS.
 'Tis the hand of God on the wall,..... 'Tis the hand of God
 'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God
 on the wall, Bab - y - lon the great is fal-l'n, and we're
 that is writing on the wall,

The Hand of God on the Wall.—Concluded.

ful - ly saved in Je - sus, While that hand is writ - ing on the wall.

- 5 Hear the loud voice from heaven "come, my people, gather home!"
 For to you the signs are given, that the Lord is near to come:
 Now He shakes every nation, heed the warn - ing, great and small,
 For the wicked soon shall perish, says the hand upon the wall.
- 6 See the saints come to Zion, and possess the holy land:
 Hallelujah! shout the freedom, in the living God we stand:
 Since we follow the Saviour, love and serve Him Lord of all;
 Babel's kingdom now is finished, says the hand upon the wall.

No. 73. From Time to Eternity.

"Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."—Jude, 21.

D. S. WARNER.

H. R. JEFFREY.

1. Time onward flows like a riv - er vast, Age on age it has borne to the sea;
 2. What is this life but a fleeting day! Soon death will come with a stern decree;
 3. A di - al true is the Book Di - vine, Its hands approach with a cer - tain - ty:

CHO.—For the pil - grim saints there's an end - less rest, So hap - py in e - ter - ni - ty;

And down this stream we have come at last, To see time end in e - ter - ni - ty.
 Then one by one we must pass a - way, And change from time to e - ter - ni - ty.
 The toll - ing point in the death of time, The sol - emn change to e - ter - ni - ty.

A home, sweet home where the pure are blest, All hap - py in e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! Will you dwell with Christ in e - ter - ni - ty?

- 4 Like Sodom now is the world of sin,
 More awful its coming destiny!
 For judgment soon will be ushered in,
 And time shall change to eternity.

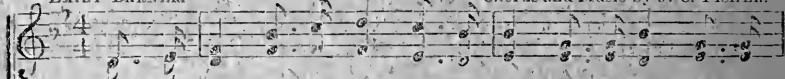
- 5 O joyful day! to the faithful soul
 Who walks with Christ in His purity;
 His battles fought, and thy victory won,
 He shouts from time to eternity.

The Home of the Blest.

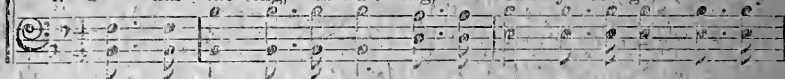
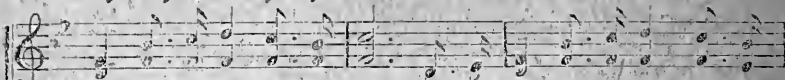
"In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."—John 14: 2, 3.

EMILY BARNER.

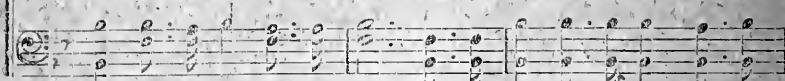

Chorus and Music by J. C. FISHER.



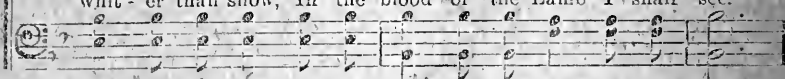
1. There's a home far a-way in the realms of the blest, Where my
 2. Will you go, will you go to that beau-ti-ful land, Where the
 3. We will sing, we will sing that sweet heav-en-ly song! There with
 4. I am wait-ing, I'm wait-ing, and read-y to go, When my

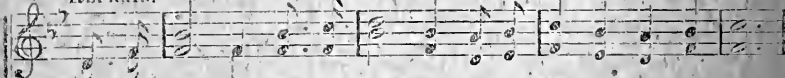
Sav-iour is wait-ing for me; He is wait-ing to gath-er me
 Lord is now wait-ing for thee? O how plead-ing He stands, and He
 Je-sus for-ev-er at rest; With our gold-en crowns on, we will
 Sav-iour shall beck-on to me; O my robes are washed whit-er, yes,

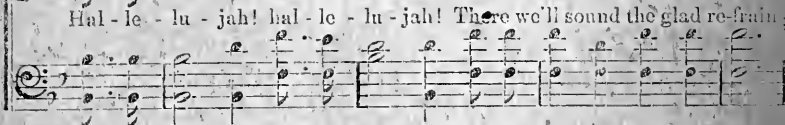
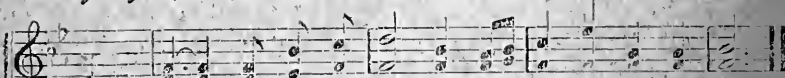
in-to that rest, Where no sor-row or sigh-ing I'll see,
 of-fers His hand, And is call-ing, O come un-to me!
 stand round the throne, In the home of the pure and the blest.
 whit-er than snow, In the blood of the Lamb I shall see.



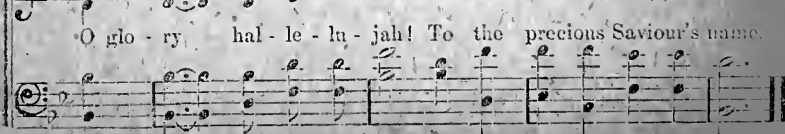
REFRAIN.



Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! There we'll sound the glad re-frain.

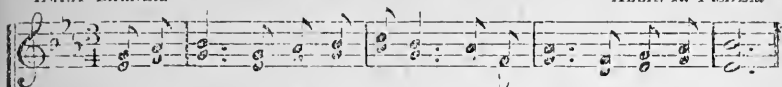
O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! To the pre-cious Sav-iour's name.



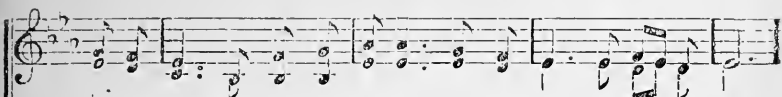
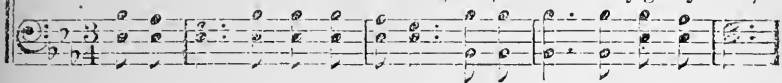
"I command you to love the Lord, your God, to walk in His ways, to cleave unto Him."—Deut. 10: 22.

EMILY BAENER.

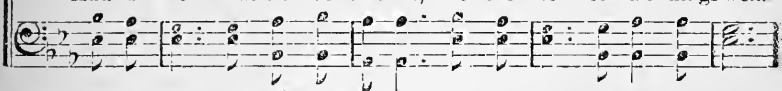
ALLIE R. FISHER.



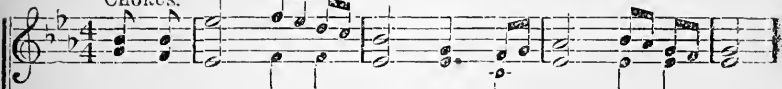
1. Je-sus, in thy arms I'm resting, Thou hast saved me from all sin;
2. Je-sus, Thou art all my refuge, All my strength, my help, and stay;
3. Blessed Je-sus! how I love Thee, Tongue can not thy glo-ry tell;



Thou hast cleansed my spotted garments, Made me white and pure with-in.
 Thou wilt keep me sweetly rest-ing In thine arms till per-fect day.
 And I know what e'er be-tide me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.



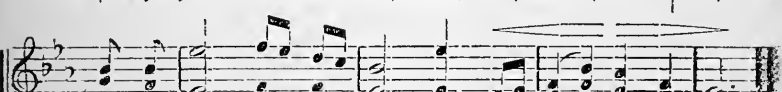
CHORUS.



I am cling-ing to Je-sus! I love Him, I trust



Him; I am cling-ing to Je-sus, oh, glo-ry to God!



I am cling-ing to Je-sus, oh, glo-ry to God!



"The disciple is not above his Master: but every one that is perfect shall be as his Master."—Luke 6: 40.

Words and Music

By H. R. JEFFREY.



1. I'm a pil - grim and a stran - ger, I'll not tar - ry nor de - lay;
2. 'Tis to bet - ter my con - di - tion, For this pur - pose I will pray;
3. More like Je - sus, still I'm plead - ing, Not a mo - ment to de - lay;



As I jour - ney I am sing - ing: More like Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
 'Tis the bight of my am - bi - tion, More like Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
 I am grow - ing while pro - ceed - ing, More like Je - sus ev - 'ry day.



CHORUS.



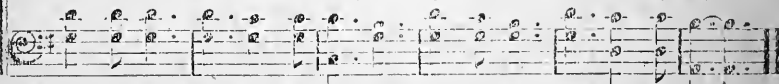
More like Je - sus! more like Je - sus! More like Je - sus ev - 'ry day;



Are we grow - ing more like Je - sus? More like Je - sus ev - 'ry day?



More like Je - sus! more like Je - sus! More like Je - sus ev - 'ry day.



4 Jesus, Jesus, blessed story!
 I would catch each streaming ray:
 Changed from glory unto glory,
 More like Jesus every day.

5 Blessed theme, 'tis still increasing,
 O the wonders of His love!
 More like Jesus, never ceasing,
 Till I reach my home above.

No. 77.

Freedom.

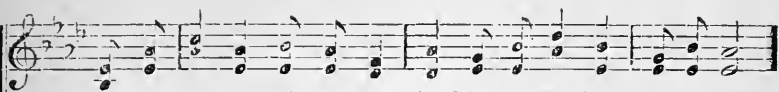
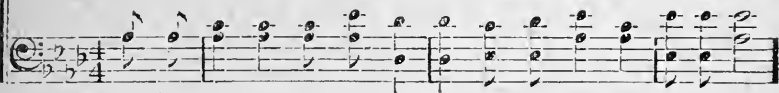
"The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."—Rom. 8: 2.

SILAS G. ODELL.

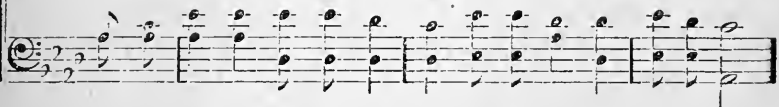
J. C. FISHER.



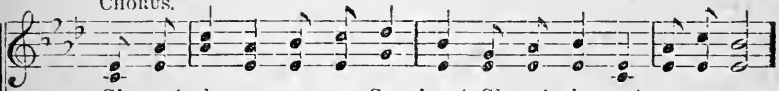
1. Comes a deep and low-voiced murmur From the depths with-in my soul,
2. Thou art mine, my blood has bought thee; Thou art mine, thy faith hath said:
3. Waves of peace, which once were brok-en On the reefs of carnal mind;
4. O the precious blood that bought me! O the grace that keeps and saves!
5. I up-on Thy bos-om rest-ing, Blessed Je-sus, saved by Thee!



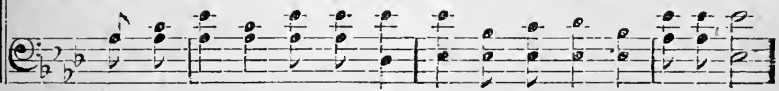
Say-ing to my softened spir-it: Thou art ev-'ry whit made whole.
In thee dwells the King of Glo-ry, High the gates lift up their heads.
Washing on-ly spray up-on me, Now a sea with-in I find.
O the ten-der love that sought me, God's great o-cean—love its waves.
Saved from all the curse of sin-ning, Thou hast freed me—I am free!



CHORUS.



Glo-ry! glo-ry to my Sav-iour! Glo-ry! glo-ry! ev-er more;



Glo-ry! glo-ry all my jour-ney! Till I reach the glo-ry shore.



No. 78.

Plunge Into the Fountain.

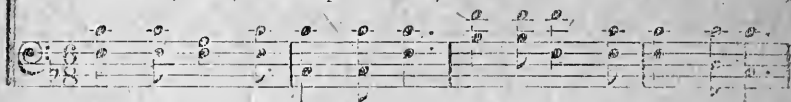
"For with Thee is the fountain of life, in Thy light shall we see light."—Psalm 36: 9.

Words and Music

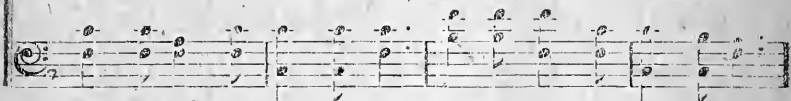
By H. R. JEFFERY.



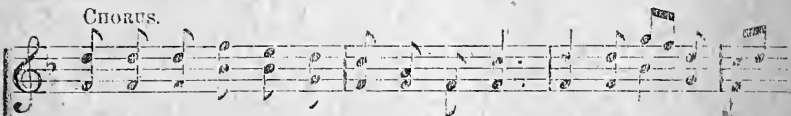
1. Wash me in Thy blood di-vine, Wash me, then I shall be Thine;
2. Not e-nough to wash my feet, Let the cleansing be com-plete;
3. Wash me, Lord, and keep me clean, Let no filth-i-ness be seen;



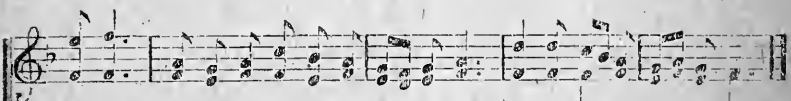
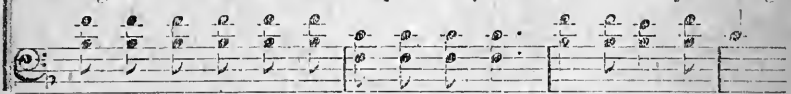
Let Thy blood be now ap-plied, Blood that flowed from Je-sus' side.
Full sal-va-tion, Lord, im-part, Wash my hands, my head, my heart.
Then I shall be ev-er Thine, Washed in 'Je-sus' blood di-vine.



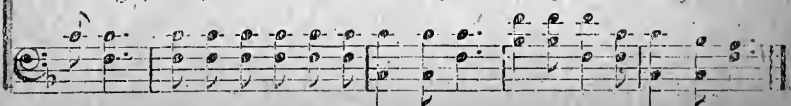
CHORUS.



Plunge in the fountain that's o-pen for you, It will cleanse you through



and through; Plunge in the fountain that's open wide, Open in the Saviour's side.



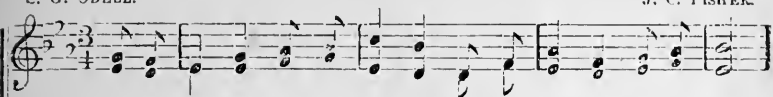
No. 79.

Christ is Calling.

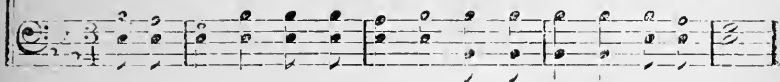
"I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—Matt. 9: 13.

S. G. ODELL.

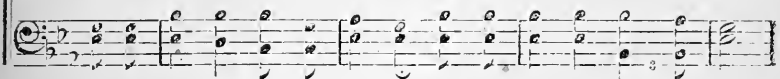
J. C. FISHER.



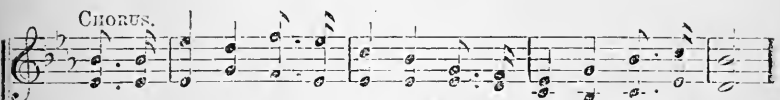
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, Wand'rer, will you come to-day?
2. Why not come while Christ in-vites you? Waits to clasp you in His arms?
3. Why not come and walk with Je - sus All a - long your pilgrim way?



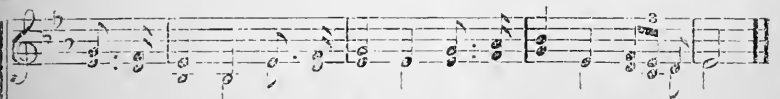
Mercy's drops from heaven fall-ing, Why not, why not come to-day?
While the foun-tain flows to heal you? While His blessed presence charms?
Let this guest a - bide with-in you, Ask the Sav-iour in to - day.



CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Lay your bur-den at His feet;



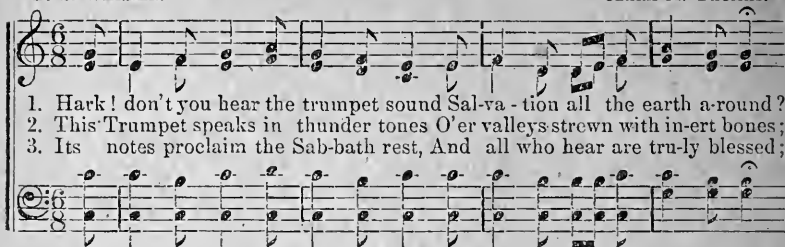
Christ in-vites you, Christ in vites you, Lay your bur-den at His feet.



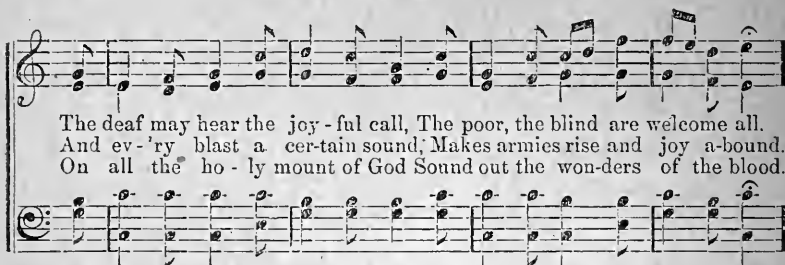
"He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds."—Matt. 24: 31.

D. S. WARNER.

CLARA M. THOMAS.

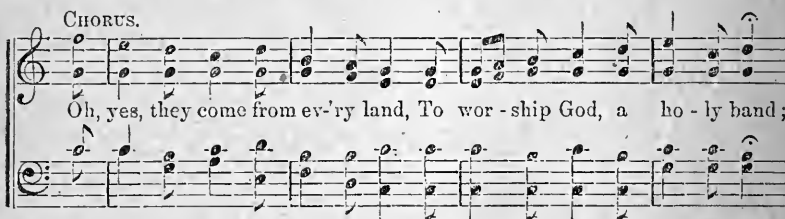


1. Hark! don't you hear the trumpet sound Sal-va-tion all the earth a-round?
 2. This Trumpet speaks in thunder tones O'er valleys strewn with in-ert bones;
 3. Its notes proclaim the Sab-bath rest, And all who hear are tru-ly blessed;

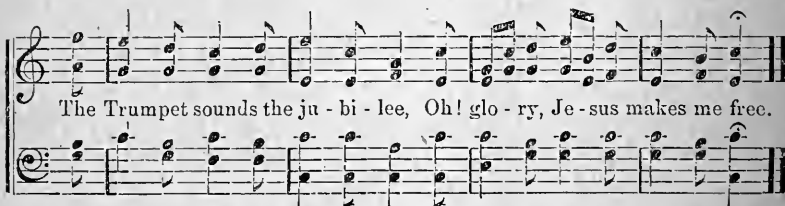


The deaf may hear the joy-ful call, The poor, the blind are welcome all.
 And ev-'ry blast a cer-tain sound; Makes armies rise and joy a-bound.
 On all the ho-ly mount of God Sound out the won-ders of the blood.

CHORUS.



Oh, yes, they come from ev-'ry land, To wor-ship God, a ho-ly band;



The Trumpet sounds the ju-bi-lee, Oh! glo-ry, Je-sus makes me free.

4 See Israel marching boldly on,
 To smite old Gog and Babylon;
 Her walls have stood for ages past,
 But they must fall at shout and blast.

5 The seventh day, the seventh round,
 And now the trump begins to sound;
 Behold! the walls now tumble down,
 And all the saints of God are one.

6 If you belong to Gideon's band,
 All ready now with trumpet stand;
 With empty pitchers and your lights,
 "Come, get ye down on th' Midianites."

7 Blow ye the din, lift high your lamp,
 Shout, shout with triumph round the camp,
 Till lubred foes no more be found,
 And all the land with peace abound.

8 The seventh angel now appears,
 To sound the close of mortal years;
 The open book is yet revealed,
 But soon 'twill be forever sealed.

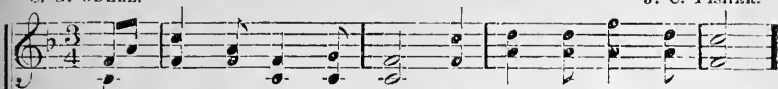
9 In street, and hedge, and every lane,
 The Trumpet sounds salvation plain;
 But oh! this last and midnight cry
 Will not be long, the end is nigh.

No. 81. Awake! Thou that sleepest.

"Awake! thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. 5: 14.

S. G. ODELL.

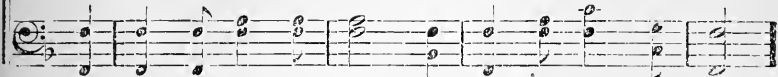
J. C. FISHER.



1. A - wake! ye slumb'ring souls; A - rise, ere death shall come;
2. Your sins have cursed your souls; Now de - mons drag you down;
3. Why slum - ber on till death? Pros - trate your trem - bling form;
4. O flee to Je - sus' blood! O flee to Cal - vary's fount!



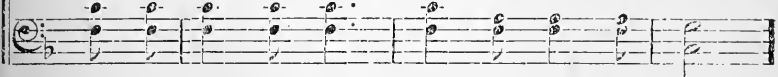
The mutt'ring thun - der rolls; A - void thy dread - ful doom!
 Yet mer - cy loud - ly calls, And love and grace a - bound.
 Why with your ev - 'ry breath In - voke the wrath - ful storm?
 Ac - cept the Son of God, Shun Si - nai's dread - ful mount.



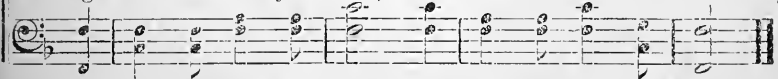
CHORUS.



Christ has paid it all: All the debt you owe;



Though stained with sin your soul, He'll make it white as snow.



5 The way to heaven is plain,
 Ye need not err therein;
 Christ calls to thee again,
 O give up every sin.

6 Awake! awake!! awake!!!
 For death, and sin, and hell
 Conspire, your soul to take;
 O break the blighting spell.

No. 82.

Heaven's Melody.

"Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."—Eph. 5: 19.

S. G. ODELL.

J. C. FISHER.

1. There is mel-o-o-dy from heav-en, Ring-ing now with-in my soul;
 2. 'Tis the song of an-gels float-ing From the man-sions of the blest,
 3. 'Tis the sound of harpers harp-ing, And the cords with-in my soul
 4. As the pass-ing moments bring me Near-er to my home a-bove,

All is glo-ry to my Saviour, Who has cleansed and made me whole.
 Ech-oes now from hill and val-ley, In this Beau-lah land of rest.
 Sweet-ly an-swer to the mu-sic, As the moments on-ward roll.
 Sweet-er still the anthems greet me, And each note is full of love.

CHORUS.

Land of glo-ry, land of bless-ing, Land so ho-ly, land of peace.

I am bask-ing in the sun-light, I am rest-ing full of bliss.

5 Yes, the clouds above are rifted,
 And the depths within the pool
 Still are stirred by angel presence,
 Where the Saviour made me whole.

6 Will you have my Jesus save you?
 Weary wanderer, will you come?
 Come, and sing the songs of Zion,
 Till we all shall meet at home.

No. 83. Don't Resist the Holy Spirit.

"Ye do always resist the Holy Spirit."—Acts 7: 51.

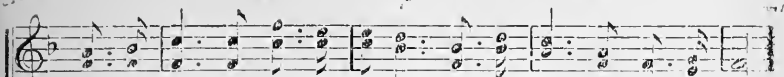
D. S. WARNER.

J. C. FISHER.

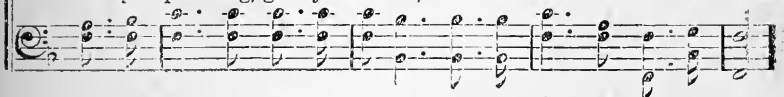
pp



1. Don't re - sist the Ho - ly Spir - it, Sin - ner, heed His lov - ing voice;
 2. Don't re - sist the Ho - ly Spir - it, For He comes to save thy soul;
 3. Don't re - sist the Ho - ly Spir - it, Do not grieve the gen - tle Dove;
 4. Don't re - sist the Ho - ly Spir - it, At your heart He knocks a - gain;

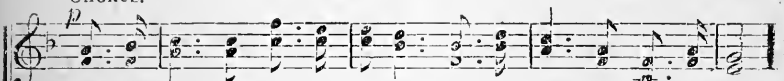



O in - vite Him to thy bosom, Peace shall crown that blessed choice.
 Taste His love, so pure - ly giv - en; Hum - bly yield to His con - trol.
 He will wit - ness sins for - giv - en, And the bliss of per - fect love.
 With you plead - ing, guilt - y sin - ner, O be saved in Je - sus' name!

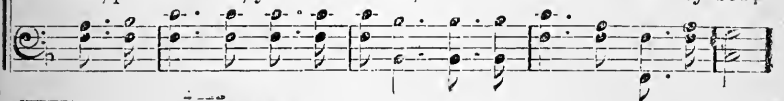


CHORUS.

p



Come, poor sin - ner, yield to Je - sus, At His throne of mer - cy bow;




O the Spir - it bids you welcome, Come, and He will save you now.



5 Don't resist the Holy Spirit,
 He has called you oft before;
 This may be His final visit,
 If you open not the door.

6 Don't resist the Holy Spirit,
 Or He'll leave you desolate;
 Then, poor sinner, lost forever,
 This will be your awful state.

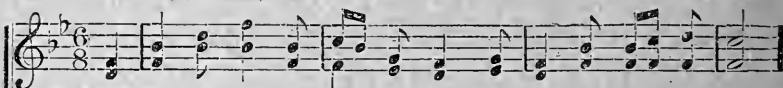
No. 84.

Hasten to the Cross.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great a salvation?"—Heb. 2; 5.

S. G. ODELL.

J. C. FISHER.



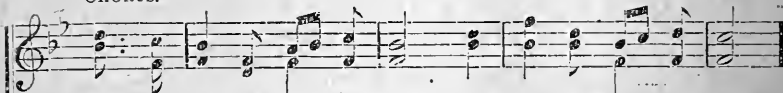
1. Sin-ner, thy dream of bliss and peace Will lead to end-less night,
2. A-wake, a-rouse your sleeping pow'rs, Ere wanes the lamp of life;
3. Precious, for you may heav-en gain, In this aus-pic-ious hour;
4. Swift-ly the fleet-ing hours fly past; Dark doom thy form pur-sues;



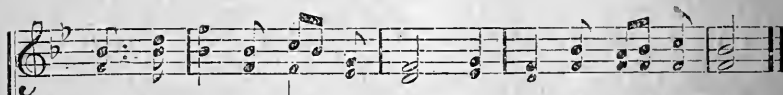
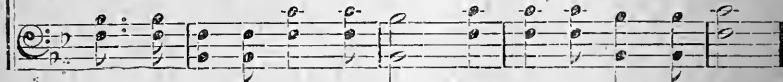
From which no soul e'er finds re-lease, Or ev-er gains the light.
Lest you should lose these precious hours, Precious be-yond a price.
But death's your doom, if you re-fuse, And dare in-fin-ite pow'r.
This hour may e-ven be thy last, O haste thee! wisdom choose.



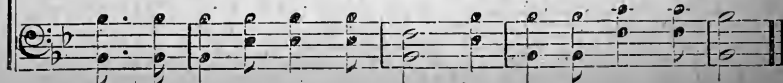
CHORUS.



Hast-en, sin-ner, to the cross, O lay thy bur-den down;



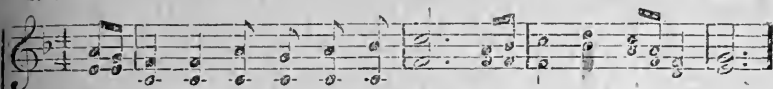
Count thy world-ly gain but loss, Ex-change them for a crown.



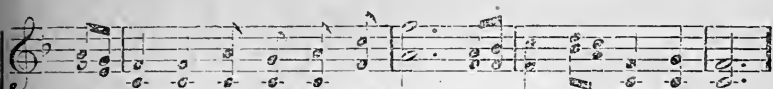
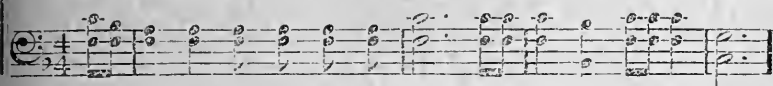
"Thanks be unto God, which always causes us to triumph in Christ."—2 Cor. 2: 14.

S. G. ODELL.

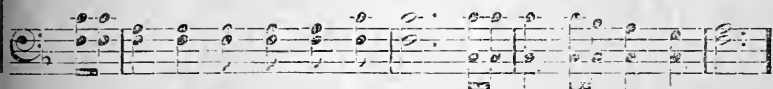
J. C. FISHER.



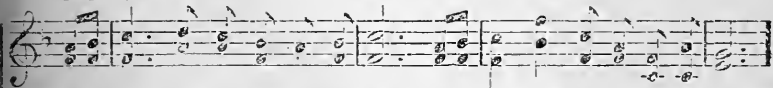
1. Bright morning star, it shall be mine, Mine in e - ter - ni - ty;
2. What of earth's tears and gloomy night, What should they be to me;
3. Ev'n now my "ta - ble He pre-pares, In presence of my foes;"
4. My heart made glad, flows out in song, While an-gel songs I hear;



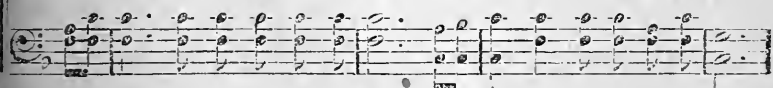
With ra-diant glo - ry there shall shine The crown He gives to me.
 Since just be-fore is heav-en's light, And life's fair fruit-ful tree.
 O joy-ous feast! O king-ly fare! My cup with bliss o'er-flows.
 So be my jour-ney short or long, 'Tis bliss, for Christ is near.



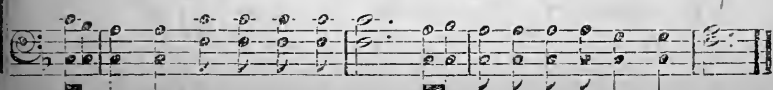
CHORUS.



So near is heaven's glorious light, I ceaseless sing this all the night;



My sparkling crown is just in view, And pearly gates, and mansions too.



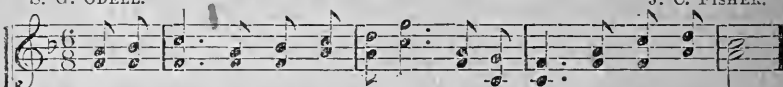
No. 86.

Come to the Cross.

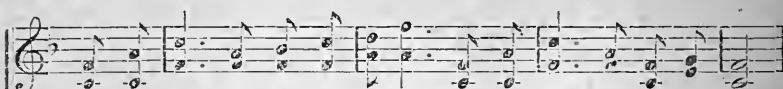
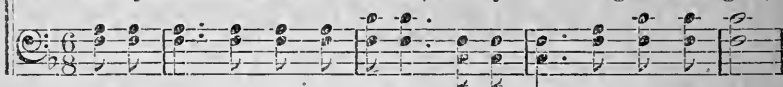
"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."—John 3: 14, 15.

S. G. ODELL.

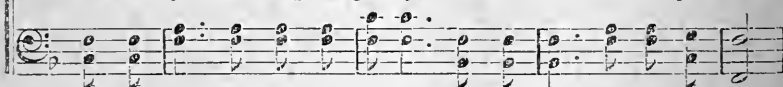
J. C. FISHER.



1. See the reek-ing cross of Je-sus, Crimson with His own life's blood;
2. Dreadful weight of guilt and anguish, Hasten to the reek-ing cross;
3. O His precious blood that bought us! O His pit - y for the lost!
4. Hast-en to Him, sin-ner, hasten! Heav'n con-spires to make you blest;
5. Yield your heart and life to Je-sus, Freely He his grace will give;



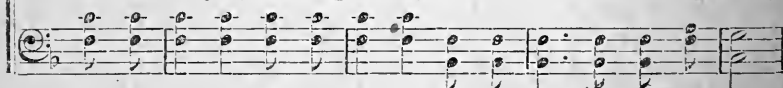
Thus He died, lest we should per-ish, Wond'rous love! Thou, Son of God.
 Weight, that on our souls had fal-len But for His un-bound-ed love.
 Can you slight His love, poor sin-ner, While so near the shelt'ring cross?
 Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it call you; Come, with all your woes op-press'd.
 With Him you shall reign in glo-ry, If for Him on earth you live.



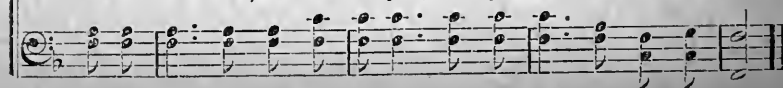
CHORUS.



He will save you, trembling sin-ner, Hast-en to the reek-ing cross;



O be-lieve Him, He will save you, Save you at the shelt'ring cross.

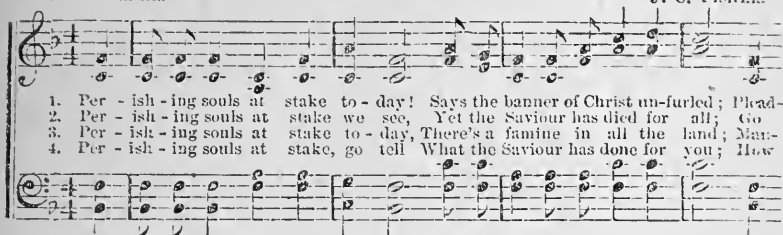


No. 87. Perishing Souls at Stake.*

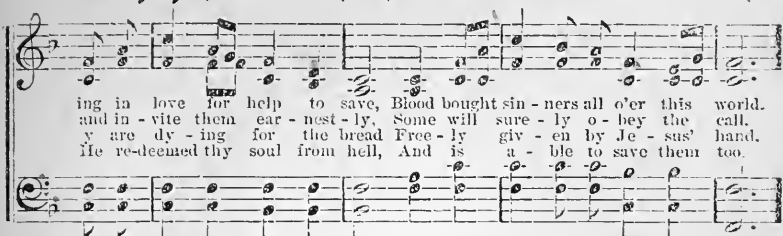
"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."—Matt. 18: 14.

D. S. WARNER.

J. C. FISHER.



1. Per - ish - ing souls at stake to - day! Says the banner of Christ un-furled; Plead-
 2. Per - ish - ing souls at stake we see, Yet the Saviour has died for all; Go
 3. Per - ish - ing souls at stake to - day, There's a famine in all the land; Man-
 4. Per - ish - ing souls at stake, go tell What the Saviour has done for you; How

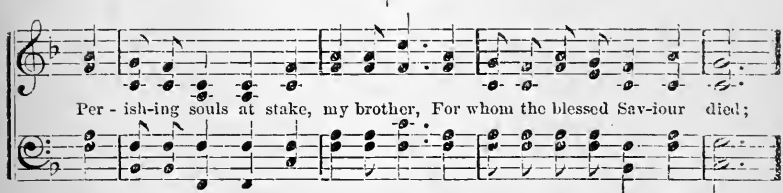


ing in love for help to save, Blood bought sin - ners all o'er this world.
 and in - vite them ear - nest - ly, Some will sure - ly o - bey the call.
 y are dy - ing for the bread Free - ly giv - en by Je - sus' hand.
 He re-deemed thy soul from hell, And is a - ble to save them too.

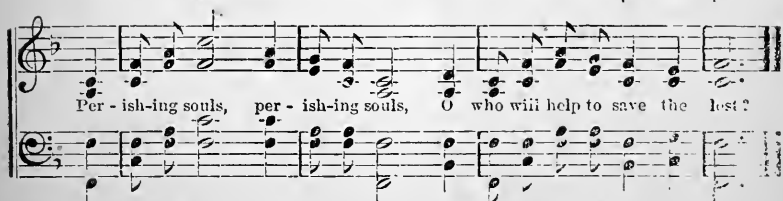
CHORUS.



Per - ish-ing souls at stake, my brother, O what is all this world be - side?



Per - ish-ing souls at stake, my brother, For whom the blessed Sav-iour died;



Per - ish-ing souls, per - ish-ing souls, O who will help to save the lost?

5 Perishing souls at stake we know,
 O do pity the sinner's state;
 Brother and sister, will you go?
 Give them warning before too late.

6 Perishing souls at stake to-day.
 Can you tarry for earthly dress?
 Fly to the rescue, don't delay.
 Bring the needy to Jesus' cross.

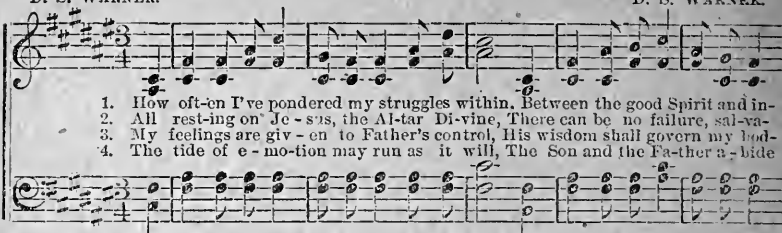
* During a meeting in which God called a number to work in his vineyard, a brother had a vision of Christ bearing a banner with the above words.

No. 88. I Will Say the Great Word.

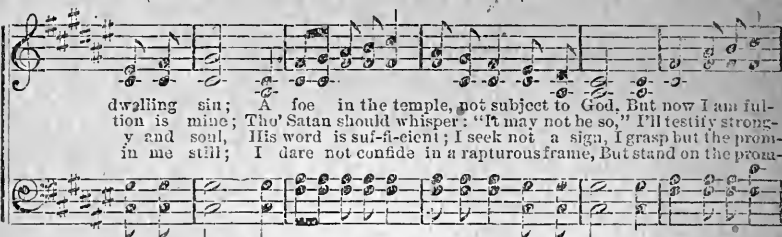
"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony: and they loved not their lives unto the death."—Rev. 12: 11.

D. S. WARNER.

D. S. WARNER.

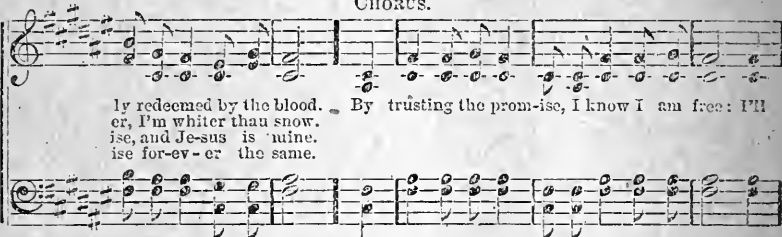


1. How oft-en I've pondered my struggles within. Between the good Spirit and in-
 2. All rest-ing on Je-sus, the Al-tar Di-vine, There can be no failure, sal-va-
 3. My feel-ings are giv-en to Father's con-trol, His wis-dom shall govern my bod-
 4. The tide of e-mo-tion may run as it will, The Son and the Fa-ther a-bide

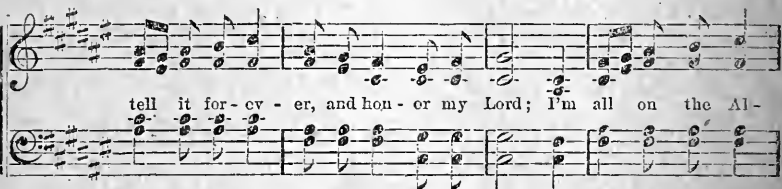


dwell-ing sin; A foe in the temple, not subject to God, But now I am ful-tion
 is mine; Tho' Satan should whisper: "It may not be so," I'll testify strong-
 y and soul, His word is suf-fi-cient; I seek not a sign, I grasp but the prom-
 in me still; I dare not confide in a rapturous frame, But stand on the prom-

CHORUS.



ly redeemed by the blood. By trust-ing the prom-ise, I know I am free: I'll
 er, I'm whiter than snow.
 ise, and Je-sus is 'mine.
 ise for-ev-er the same.



tell it for-ev-er, and hon-or my Lord; I'm all on the Al-



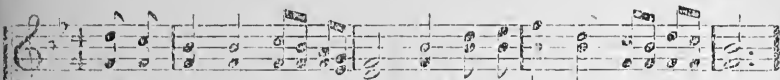
tar that sanc-ti-fies me; Yes, glo-ry to Je-sus! I'll say the Great Word.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 The Father Almighty has willed it secure, Confirmed by an oath that shall ever endure; As firm as His honor and truth shall abide, His covenant blood to my heart is applied.</p> | <p>6 All nature may perish, the heavens may fall, But Jesus is ever my all and in all; The universe crumble to chaos and dust, In God, my salvation, securely I trust.</p> |
|---|---|

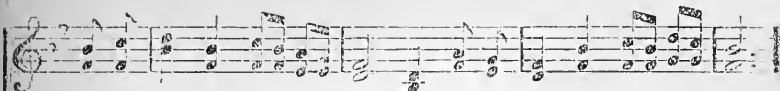
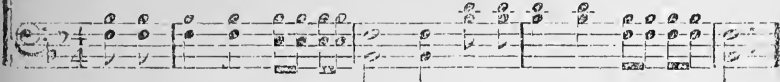
"The watchman said: the morning cometh."—Isa. 21 : 12.

S. G. ODELL.

J. C. FISHER.



1. Soon the gold-en dawn is com-ing, Dawn of gladness, dawn of bliss;
2. Let the drooping head be lift-ed, lifted t'ward the bright'ning sky;
3. Long has been your night of watching; Oft your eyes were dimmed with tears;
4. Pa-tient, faith shall be re-ward-ed; Patient, toil shall have an end;



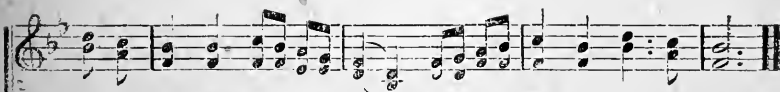
Lonely watch-er, hail the morn-ing, Hail the com-ing Prince of Peace!—
 See, the clouds a-side have drift-ed, Your re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh.
 You have wait-ed for His com-ing, Toiling thro' the wea-ry years.
 Patient, hope a glad fru-i-tion, Thro' this Christ, our roy-al friend.



CHORUS.



Calm-ed be-ev'-ry ris-ing fear, Signs por-tend your Sav-iour near;




Scep-ter, roy-al crown, and throne, He will give to all His own.




"Now I know that the Lord saveth His anointed; He will hear from His holy heaven with the saving strength of His right hand."—Psalm 20: 6.

SILAS G. ODELL.

H. R. JEFFREY.



1. Bless-ed Spir - it, for the ask - ing Thou didst come in - to my heart;
2. Thou dost tell me, bless-ed Spir - it, That my soul is born of God;
3. Oh, this wondrous blest a - noint-ing, Which with-in me doth a - bide,
4. Now I taste of heav-en's sweetness, For my Sav-iour in me lives;



Oh, I ev - er would a-dore Thee! Nev-er, nev-er from Thee part;
Thou dost wit-ness to the cleansing Wrought within by Je - sus' blood:
Wit-ness-ing to Je - sus' mer - it— In Thy guidance I con - fide;
Oh, the rich-ness and com-plete-ness Of this rest the Spir-it gives!

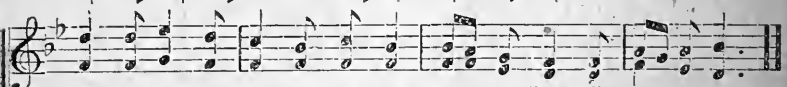


Bless-ed Spir - it, how I love Thee! Dwell Thou ev-er in my heart.
I am hap-py, ev - er hap-py, Since my heart is Thine a-bode.
Thou wilt lead me, Thou wilt bring me—Bring me to my Sav-iour's side.
Ev - er lead me, heav'nward lead me, Conquering power un-to me give.

CHORUS.



Oh, this well of liv-ing wa-ters, Spring-ing up with - in my soul!



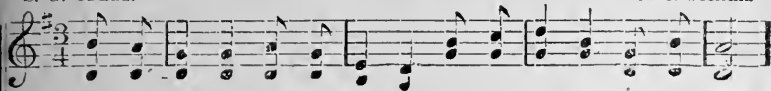
Life e - ter - nal to me giv-ing—Praise the Lord, I now am whole.

All in Jesus!

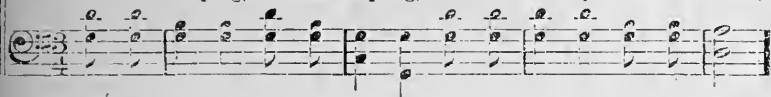
"Christ is all, and in all, and ye are complete in Him, which is the head of all principality and power."—Col. 3: 11, 2, 10.

S. G. CDELL.

J. C. FISHER.



1. Is there life and light in Je - sus? Is there pow'r, and grace, and truth?
2. Yes, for all His love He giv - eth, Bring - ing with it all His pow'r;
3. First the life and love He giv - eth, Then the cleansing and the pow'r;
4. Then the keeping, oh! the keep - ing, Fold - ed safe - ly in His arms;



Is there cleansing for the car - nal? For the soul im - mor - tal youth?
 Bring - ing with it per - fect cleansing, Full sal - va - tion hour by hour.
 Then the grace and truth do fol - low, As 'He saves us hour by hour.
 Walking ev - er with the Sav - iour, Cleansed from sin and kept from harm.



CHORUS.



All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but dross;



I am com - ing to the Mas - ter, I am cling - ing to the cross.



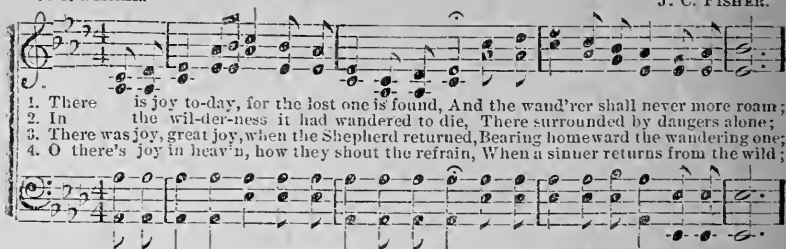
No. 92.

There is Joy in Heaven.

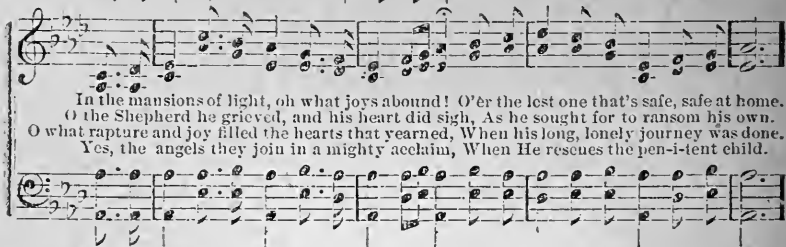
"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15: 10.

J. C. FISHER.

J. C. FISHER.



1. There is joy to-day, for the lost one is found, And the wand'rer shall never more roam;
 2. In the wil-der-ness it had wandered to die, There surrounded by dangers alone;
 3. There was joy, great joy, when the Shepherd returned, Bearing homeward the wandering one;
 4. O there's joy in heav'n, how they shout the refrain, When a sinner returns from the wild;



In the mansions of light, oh what joys abound! O'er the lost one that's safe, safe at home.
 O the Shepherd he grieved, and his heart did sigh, As he sought for to ransom his own.
 O what rapture and joy filled the hearts that yearned, When his long, lonely journey was done.
 Yes, the angels they join in a mighty acclaim, When He rescues the pen-i-tent child.

REFRAIN.




There is joy! There is joy! There is joy!

There is joy! There is joy! There is joy!



There is joy! How the heav-en-ly arch-es re-sound Songs of

There is joy!



joy! Songs of joy! Songs of joy!

An-gels sing! An-gels sing! An-gels sing!

There is Joy in Heaven.—Concluded.

Songs of joy! An-gels sing, for the lost one is found.

An-gels sing songs of joy, for the lost one is found.

No. 93. I Know My Jesus Saves Me.

"And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true; and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life."—1 John 5: 20.

J. C. FISHER.

J. C. FISHER.

With expression.

1. I know my Je-sus saves me, He healed my sin-sick soul; He shed His
 2. My garments stained like crim-son, Are whit-er than the snow; My soul as
 3. The tree of life is bloom-ing With-in this heart of mine, And love, a

REFRAIN.

blood on Cal-v'ry, To cleanse and make me whole. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
 pure as heav-en, With radiant light doth glow.
 gush-ing foun-tain, Pours forth in joys sub-lime.

Be-fore His cross I bow, Glo-ry to God! I know He saves me now.

4 I feel a crystal river,
 And deep its waters roll;
 Reflecting in its splendor
 A rainbow in my soul.

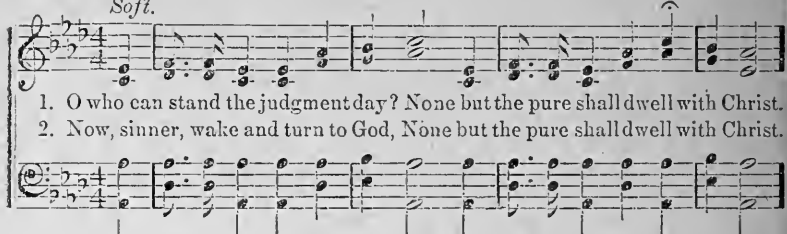
5 I'll range the plains of glory,
 The conqueror's palm is mine—
 I'll shout and tell the story
 He saves me all the time.

No. 94. Who Shall Dwell With Christ?

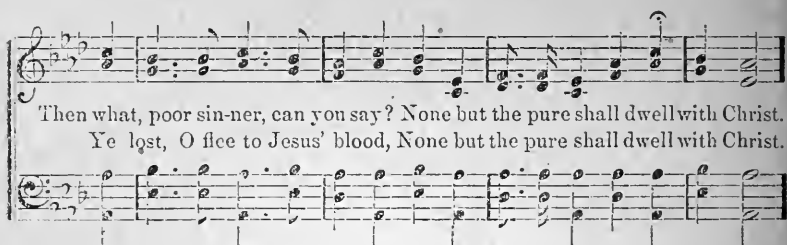
"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."—Psalms 24: 3, 4.

D. S. WARNER.
Soft.

J. C. FISHER.

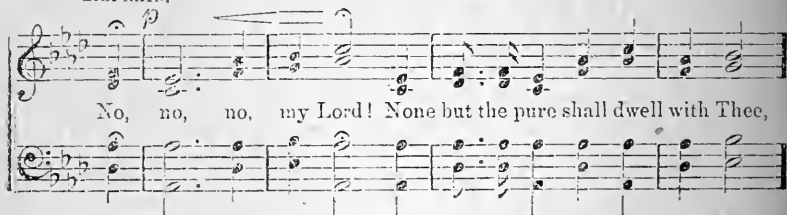


1. O who can stand the judgment day? None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.
2. Now, sinner, wake and turn to God, None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.



Then what, poor sin-ner, can you say? None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.
Ye lost, O flee to Jesus' blood, None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.

REFRAIN.



No, no, no, my Lord! None but the pure shall dwell with Thee,



No, no, no, my Lord! None but the pure shall dwell with Thee.

3. And all that love this world of sin,
None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.
Think you that Christ will take you in?
None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.

4. Backslider, you must turn again,
None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.
Or you cannot in glory reign,
None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.

5. All ye that have a name to live,
None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.
Your heart and life to Jesus give,
None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.

6. You must be holy, white as snow,
None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.
Or you cannot to heaven go,
None but the pure shall dwell with Christ.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

95.

We're a happy pilgrim band,
Dwelling in the holy land;
With a shout of joy we upward run:
For we've left the wilderness,
And have entered holiness,
Through the blood of God's beloved Son.

Cho: O it's glory in my soul,
O it's glory in my soul,
For my Jesus dwells within,
For my Jesus dwells within.

Bass:—O it's glory, glory, glory, glory,
glory in my soul,
For my Jesus, Jesus, blessed loving Jesus
dwells within.

In this land of corn and wine
We are happy all the time—
O what flowing streams of perfect love—
God Himself, is our delight,
And we're walking in His light,
Pure as crystal, like His throne above.

Though we enter more and more
It is better on before -
O the waves of glory still increase;
Higher, higher we ascend,
Yet we never see the end
Of this beulah land of perfect peace.

Sing, O sing in sweet accord
The salvation of the Lord,
For He makes us whiter than the snow:
Yes we'll sing the jubilee
How the Son hath made us free,
And we triumph over every foe

Ho ye sinners come to-day!
There is danger in delay;
Will you go to darkness and despair?
O do turn away from sin
And the Lord will take you in,
And His glory you may ever share.

And professor where are you?
Are you holy through and through?
Are you living for the Lord alone?
Oh! unless you're sanctified
You can never, never 'bide
In the presence of the Heav'nly throne.
D S. WARNER.

96.

What poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way
Along the rugged maze?

Cho: O I'd rather be the least of them,
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem
And sit upon a throne.

Ah! these are all of royal line,
All children of the King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprised.

But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possessed
With Heav'nly manna fed.

Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death,
The open road to hell.

But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why that's the way their Savior trod,
They love and keep His way.

What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

Attend my friends and neighbors

One moment to my call,

I have an invitation,

I give it unto all ;

A heavenly exhibition

Is shortly to begin ;

I'll give you a description

And urge you to come in.

Almost six thousand seasons,

With unexampled cost,

This feast has been preparing,

There has no time been lost ;

'Twill shortly now be ready,

Oh then do not delay ;

Be sure to gain admittance,

And so apply to day.

A City in its glory,

Twelve thousand furlongs square,

Stands on its twelve foundations

Of precious jewels rare ;

Its mansions bright and sparkling

Of variegated hue,

Pours forth a flood of splendor

To the astonished view.

Twelve gates of pearl unbroken

Its spacious sides adorn,

Twelve shining angels waiting

All beauteous as the morn ;

The wall it is of Jasper,

The streets of finest gold,

Be prepared to view it,

It's glory can't be told.

The scene to be enacted

All other scenes excel,

The number of the actors

No human tongue can tell ;

There's kings and priests and prophets,

And if you ask their dress,

'Tis white as snow in salmon—

The robes of righteousness.

They need no light of candle

Nor of the shining Moon,

The Sun will be confounded

When at its highest noon ;

The glory of the Bride-groom

Will far out-shine their ray

Throughout the spacious city

In one eternal blaze.

The music is most charming.

The song forever new,

The guests have long been learning

To sound its notes most true ;

The whole will be directed

By nature's "Great I am ;"

It is a sacred drama,

The marriage of the Lamb

No indolent spectators

Within those walls appear.

For those who gain admittance,

Will all be actors there ;

The happy guests united,

Behold the glorious Bride,

No length of time divides them,

Their pleasures ne'er subside.

Ask you of the conditions

Or who may take a share ?

The King makes free provision,

And all are welcome there ;

The king, the lord, the beggar,

The freeman and the slave,

If they apply in season,

Admittance they shall have.

98.

My hope is built on nothing less

Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.

I dare not trust the sweetest frame ;

But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ the solid Rock I stand,

All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to veil His face,

I rest on His unchanging grace ;

In every high and stormy gale

My anchor holds within the vale.

His oath, His covenant, His blood

Support me in the whelming flood ;

When all around my soul gives way,

He then is all my hope and stay.

When He shall come with trumpet sound

O may I then in Him be found,

Dressed in His righteousness alone,

Faultless to stand before the throne.

I was once far away from the savior
 And as vile as a sinner could be;
 I wondered if Christ the Redeemer
 Would save a poor sinner like me;
 I wandered on in the darkness,
 Not one ray of light could I see,
 And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
 There's no hope for a sinner like me.

But there in that lonely hour
 A voice sweetly whispered to me,
 Saying Christ the Redeemer hath power
 To save a poor sinner like thee,
 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior
 That was speaking so kindly to me,
 I cried I'm the chief of sinners,
 Thou wilt save a poor sinner like me.

Fully then trusted I in Jesus,
 And O what a joy came to me;
 My heart was filled with praises
 For He saved a poor sinner like me;
 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
 For the light is now shining on me;
 And now unto others I'm telling
 How He saved a poor sinner like me.

100.

Light in the darkness, brother, day is at hand,
 See o'er the rolling Jordan fair Canaan's land;
 Hark! O my captive brother, bondage is o'er,
 Leave the poor old human craft, and pull from
 the shore.

Chorus.

Pull from the shore Bro., pull from the shore,
 Heed not the babel cry, nor yet satan's roar;
 Christ is the lifeboat brother, cling to seest no
 more.
 Leave the poor old stranded wreck and pull
 from the shore.

Stay in the lifeboat brother, all else will fail,
 Higher the surges dash and fiercer the gale;
 Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly
 they roar,
 Watch the "bright and morning star," and
 pull from the shore.

Bright gleams the morning brother, now we
 are free.
 Dark fogs now disappearing, Jesus we see:
 Out in the ocean of His love more and more,
 Glory! Glory Hallelujah! pull from the shore.

No more working in the vineyard,
 No more struggling in the fight,
 Stand I hear with loins all girded
 Ready for my upward flight;
 Sweetly o'er my fainting spirit
 Peace from heaven seems to flow,
 Seek no longer to detain me,
 Loose the cable, let me go.

Holy angels round me hover,
 Their light forms I almost see,
 Golden harp and crown immortal
 They are holding out to me:
 Endless joys, eternal pleasures
 Soon on me they will bestow;
 From their presence do not keep me,
 Loose the cable, let me go.

But a little season only
 Ere the hearts that here are one
 Shall forever be united
 In the realms beyond the Sun:
 Love cannot be quenched by dying,
 But will stronger, purer grow;
 Wipe away the tears of parting,
 Loose the cable, let me go.

When so near the holy city,
 Even at its pearly gate,
 While its songs are wafted to me
 Would you have me longer wait?
 O the joy that fills this moment,
 O the happiness I know,
 Seek no longer to detain me,
 Loose the cable, let me go.

—•••—
 This verse belongs to hymn No. 20
 with music

O that all this dear refuge may know,
 Where we smile at each tempest of woe,
 And we fear not the rage of the foe,
 In the heart, in the heart of my God!

Rejoice little one in the promise. David,
The Savior has willed that His glory be
thine: [here below,
Then walk in white raiment with Him
The sheep of His fold must be whiter
than snow.

Chorus

Whiter than snow—whiter than snow—
Whiter than snow—whiter than snow.

Bass—Whiter than snow—

Thy blood makes me dear Savior—

Whiter than the snow.

Thy blood makes me whiter than the snow.

Thy blood makes me dear Savior—

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the
snow.

Look upward to Jesus, He's mighty to save
His love like the ocean, O sink in its wave,
Here wash in the blood of the crucified one
And shon't His salvation in heaven begun
To cannot serve God and vile mammon
beside.

None else but the holy in Jesus abide,
Unspotted from sin, and made perfect in
love.

As pure in this world as in heaven above,
Alien to this world, if you'd follow the
Lord, [His Word;

For none but the pure are received by
"As clear as the Sun, and as fair as the
Moon." [Bridegroom

His Church must be holy to please the
We go not to heaven salvation to know,
But Jesus came down to make whiter
than snow: [to lend,

He'll wait not death's coming assistance
But save you just now, and to worlds
without end.

O do not dishonor the name of our King
To think that you cannot be free from
all sin;

He died to redeem you, His promise is
sure, [pure.

He'll wash you and keep you eternal

D. S. WALSH

Sinner, perhaps 'tis new to you
May have no weight, although so true:
The carnal pleasures of the earth
Shake off the thought and fears of death.

The good sinner will not turn,

His heart is hard he cannot mourn;

Much harder than the flinty rock—
It will not break—though Jesus knocks.

The heedless youth, all in their prime
Are counting up their length of time;

They often say it's their intent,

When they get old they will repent.

But oh! the sad and mournful state
Of those who stay and come too late;
The foolish virgins did begin
To knock, but could not enter in.

When Christ the Lord shall come again,
In solemn pomp and burning flame,
Say, Gabriel! go proclaim the sound,
Awake ye nations under ground.

O how will parents tremble there
Who raise their children with no prayer;
Methinks I hear their children say,
'I never heard my parents pray.'

O parents, take a solemn view
Of your dear children, near to you,
How can you bear to hear them cry,
And fault you with their misery.

Good Lord, what bitter screams and cries,
And thunder rumbling through the skies,
Poor sinners sinking in despair,

And Christian shouting through the air

101.

Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Cho.—Help me dear Savior Thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And as Thou sittest on Thy throne
Dear Lord remember me.

Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the Sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the Mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness
And melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here Lord, I give myself to Thee,
'Tis all that I can do.

105.

I am coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find

Cho. — I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary,
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus saves me — saves me now.

Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

Here I give up all to Thee,
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be —
Wholly Thine for ever more.

In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide,
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

Jesus comes, He fills my soul,
Perfected in Him I am,
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

106.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.

Cho.—O it is glory, glory, glory,
O it is glory in my soul;
For I've touched the hem of His garment
And His blood has made me whole.

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me —
Thou art not like them, untrue.

And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might;
Foes may hate and friends may shun me
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Haste then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to full fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Time, "I am trusting."

Yes, I yield at Jesus' call,
On the altar lay my all—
Heart and hand, and time and voice,
Now a living sacrifice.

Chorus:—I am saved by power divine,
I am Thine, entirely Thine;
Jesus now from sin sets free;
Sanctifies and cleanses me.

All I think of, here I give,
All unthought of, too, receive.
Counted all Thine own shall be,
As it comes, I'll give to Thee.

Blessed Altar Christians have,
Wondrous is Thy power to save,
Doubts and fears, and satan flee,
As I claim my purity.

Resting on what Jesus saith,
Resting now by simple faith:
I, the gift, am sanctified
By the cleansing blood applied.

108.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated Lord to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Chorus.

Wash me in the Savior's precious blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood;
Lord I give to Thee, my life and all to be
Thine henceforth eternally.

Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee:
Take my voice and let me sing,
Always—only—for my King.

Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments and I will
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt direct.

Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love—my Lord I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store
Take myself and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

109.

Arise, my soul arise,
Shake off thy guilty fear:
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.
He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood I plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary,
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One,
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son.
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father cry.

110.

O when I shall sweet through the gates,
The scenes of mortality o'er
What then for my spirit awaits?
Will they sing on that beautiful shore?

Cho—Welcome home, welcome home,
A welcome in glory for me;
Welcome home, welcome home,
A welcome for me.

Yes loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me here
In Chorus will hail me I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer

The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
The city of saints I'll behold,
For O there's a welcome for me.

A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim;
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb

111.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emanuel's veins;
And sinners plunge beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

Chorus.

I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb
That flowed on Calvary.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power;
So all the ransomed Church of God,
Are saved to sin no more.

E're since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

112.

I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy:
For thou hast given me the peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Chorus.

The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free:
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

I know that Thou art nearer still,
Than any earthly throng;
And sweeter is the thought of Thee,
Than any lovely song.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love,
I could not but be sad.

O Savior, precious Savior, mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

113.

Blessed Jesus Thou art mine,
All I have is wholly Thine;
Thou dost dwell within my heart,
Thou dost reign in every part.

Cho:—Blessed Jesus keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light

I am safe within the fold,
All my cares on Thee are rolled,
I enjoy the sweetest rest,
For I'm leaning on Thy breast.

Precious Jesus, day by day
Keep me in the narrow way,
Keep my mind in perfect peace,
Every day my faith increase.

See Daniel in the den of roaring lions!
 See Daniel in the den of roaring lions!
 O the angel stood before the roaring lions
 In the year of jubilee.

Chorus.

We'll arise and shine and give God the
 glory,

We'll arise and shine, and give God the
 glory,

We'll arise and shine, and give God the
 glory,

In this year of jubilee.

And so the lions could not him devour,
 And so the lions could not him devour,
 For Jesus saved him by His mighty power
 In the year of jubilee.

See the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace
 See the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace
 O the flaming fire upon them had no power
 In the year of jubilee.

For Jesus saved them by His mighty power
 For Jesus saved them by His mighty power
 And they walked together in the flaming
 In the year of jubilee. [fire,

See Paul and Silas bound within the
 dungeon, [dungeon,

See Paul and Silas bound within the
 O the prison doors were opened by the
 As they sang the jubilee. [power

See Peter chained and lying in the dun-
 geon [geon

See Peter chained and lying in the dun-
 How the angel burst the chains and gates
 In the year of jubilee. [asunder

O Jesus saves us by His mighty power!
 O Jesus keeps us by His mighty power!
 And we'll shout and praise Him for His
 In this year of jubilee. [mighty power]

I gave My life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead
 I gave, I gave My life for thee
 What hast thou giv'n for Me?

My Father's house of light—
 My glory circled throne
 I left for earthly night,
 For wand'rings sad and lone:
 I left, I left it all for thee,
 Hast thou lest aught for me?

I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell:
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
 What hast thou borne for me?

And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and My love;
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
 What hast thou brought to Me?

116.

Jesus now is my salvation,
 He has saved me from all sin,
 Through His blood I have redemption,
 And I rest complete in Him.

Chorus

O the joy of full salvation!
 How it thrills my inmost soul!
 Spread the news to every nation,
 Jesus' blood has made me whole
 Why don't you come to Jesus?
 Why don't you come to Jesus?
 Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved?

By His royal proclamation,
 Sin's dominion now is o'er:
 And in conscious full salvation,
 I shall sing for ever more.

Oh the love of my Redeemer!
 O the wonders of His grace!
 I will praise His name for ever,
 And rejoice before His face.

I am dwelling on the mountain
 Where the golden sunlight gleams,
 O'er a land whose wondrous beauty,
 Far exceeds my fondest dreams:
 Where the air is pure ethereal,
 Laden with the breath of flowers,
 That are blooming by the fountain,
 'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Cho.—O this is the land of Beulah,
 Blessed, blessed land of light,
 Where the flowers bloom forever,
 And the sunlight fadeth not.

I can see far down the mountain,
 Where I wandered weary years;
 Often hindered in my journey
 By the ghosts of doubts and fears:
 Broken vows and disappointments
 Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 But the Spirit led unerring,
 To the land I hold to-day.

I am drinking at the fountain,
 Where I ever would abide;
 For I've tasted life's pure river,
 And my soul is satisfied
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
 Nor adorning rich and gay;
 For I've found a richer treasure,
 One that fadeth not away.

Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor of burdens hard to bear;
 For I find this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking,
 For the glory of the cross.

O the cross has wondrous glory,
 Oft I've found this to be true:
 When I'm in the way so narrow
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers,
 "Take the cross, thou needst not fear,
 I have trod the way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near."

Why do you wait dear brother?
 O why do you tarry so long?
 Your Savior is waiting to give you
 A place in His sanctified throng.
 Cho.—Why not, why not,
 Why not come to Him now?
 Why not, why not,
 Why not come to Him now?

What do you hope, dear brother,
 To gain by a further delay?
 There's no one to save you but Jesus—
 There's no other way but His way.

Do you not feel, dear brother,
 His Spirit now striving within?
 O why not accept His salvation?
 And let Him now cleanse from all sin.

Why do you wait, dear brother?
 The harvest is passing away,
 Your Savior is longing to cleanse you?
 There's danger and death in delay.

119.

Increase our faith beloved Lord,
 For Thou alone canst give
 The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
 The faith by which we live.

Refrain —

Increase our faith, O Lord!
 Increase it hour by hour:
 And in us gloriously fulfill,
 The work of faith with power.

Increase our faith, for there is yet
 Much land to be possessed;
 And by no other strength we get,
 Our heritage of rest.

Increase our faith, that we may claim,
 Each holy promise sure:
 And always triumph in Thy name,
 And to the end endure.

Increase our faith, that unto Thee,
 More fruit may still abound;
 That it may grow exceedingly,
 And to Thy praise be found.

I will follow Thee my Savior,
 Wheresoe'er my lot may be;
 Where Thou goest I will follow,
 Yes my Lord, I'll follow Thee.

Cho.—I will follow Thee my Savior,
 Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
 And tho' all men should forsake me
 By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

Tho' the road be rough and thorny,
 Trackless as the foaming sea;
 Thou hast trod this way before me,
 And I gladly follow Thee.

Tho' 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary,
 Cheerless though my path may be.
 If Thy voice I hear before me,
 earlessly I'll follow Thee.

Tho' I meet with tribulations,
 Sorely tempted though I be;
 I remember Thou wast tempted,
 And rejoice to follow Thee.

Tho' Thou leadst me through affliction,
 Poor forsaken though I be;
 Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
 And I only follow Thee.

Tho' to Jordan's rolling billows,
 Cold and deep, Thou leadest me;
 Thou hast crossed its waves before me,
 And I will follow Thee.

121.

Let us sing of His love once again,
 Of the love that can never decay;
 Of the blood of the Lamb newly slain,
 Till we praise Him again in that day.

Cho.—I believe Jesus saves, [sings.
 And His blood makes me whiter than

There is cleansing and healing for all
 Who will wash in the life-giving blood
 There is life everlasting, and joy,
 At the right hand of God thro' the blood

Even now, while we taste of His love,
 We are filled with delight at His name
 But what will it be when above,
 We shall join in the song of the Lamb:

Salvation in Jesus, I've found it, I've got it
 O glory to Jesus, I'll sing it, I'll shout it.

Cho.—O glory to God!—Repeat.
 And we'll praise Him over this land of
 Beulah.

But how do you know that your 'sins are
 forgiven? [Heaven.

Why Jesus has sent me a witness from
 But can He from inbred pollution deliver?
 Yes glory to Jesus forever and ever!

Believing the promise, I know it, I feel it,
 The blood and the Spirit now witness
 and seal it.

But can we now live in this land without
 sinning? [singing.

Yes perfect salvation my heart is e'er
 We live in the Spirit, we're kept by the
 power, [and hour.

Just walking with Jesus each moment
 O brother believe it, cross over the river,
 And join in the song of salvation forever.

O home of the blessed, the meek, and the
 lowly, wholly.

'Tis Heaven come down to the sanctified

Last 5 verses by D. S. W.

123

In the rifted Rock I'm resting,
 Safely sheltered I abide,
 There no foes nor storms molest me
 While within the cleft I hide.

Cho.—Now I'm resting, sweetly resting
 In the cleft once made for me;
 Jesus blessed, Rock of ages,
 I will hide myself in Thee.

Long pursued by sin and satan,
 Weary, sad, I longed for rest;
 Then I found this Heav'nly shelter
 Open'd in my Savior's breast.

Peace which passeth understanding,
 Joy, the world can never give,
 Now in Jesus I am finding,
 In His smiles of love I live.

In the rifted Rock I'll hide me
 Till the storms of life are past.
 All secure in this blest refuge,
 Heeding not the fiercest blast

Lord, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

Chorus.

I rest upon His promise sure,
I come, I wait to prove
The cleansing of my heart from sin,
The fullness of His love.

A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

O! that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in;
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove,
To me the rest of faith impart—
The Sabbath of thy love.

125.

From the hundred sheep which the shepherd's
Had protected many a day, [care,]
There was one went forth, and his restless feet
On the desert wandered away:

Then the shepherd's heart was grieved, and
He kindly said,
On the mountains it will languish and pine;
I will go and search for the sheep I lost,
I will leave the ninety and nine.

There was joy, great joy in the Shepherd's fold
When His long, long journey was o'er,
And the poor lost sheep that had gone astray
In His arms he tenderly bore:

Then the Shepherd's heart was glad, and He
said to all,

What a moment of rejoicing is mine!
For there's joy in heav'n o'er the lost and found
More than o'er the ninety and nine.

O that Shepherd kind is the Son of God,
who has borne our sorrow and care:
It was He who said, there is joy in heaven,
O'er the sinner's penitent prayer.
To the soul he bringeth back to his fold of grace
To the precious fold of mercy Divine:
O his heart rejoiced when the lost was found
More than o'er the ninety and nine.

126.

As Elim's wells in desert lands,
And palms in spreading clusters stand,
So standeth Jesus now to me —
A shelter and a fountain free.
A shelter, for in Him I dwell,
He doeth for me all things well:
A fountain, for in Him I find,
A living well of heavenly kind.

His voice is like some rippling wave,
Or many gushing streams which lave
The banks of some ecstatic land,
Where trees of richest fruitage stand;
And O his arms encircle me:
His voice proclaims my soul is free,
His beaming eyes, and smiling face
Shed over all, the richest grace.

And now my soul is heavenward bent,
With speed of angel's wings 'tis sent:
This Heaven's border land may be,
Y't there's a fairer o'er the sea —
A fairer, for its glorious light
Is never dimmed by cloud or night,
And all our souls, blood-washed and free
The King in glorious beauty see.

The earth's redeemed and ransom'd bands
Clasp golden harps in blood-wash'd hands
And from their lips, o'er valleys free
Floats strains of richest melody:
And O! I soon shall join that throng,
And sing with them redemption's song;
For this fair land, and crown of life,
I soon shall change earth's tears and strife

127.

I've reached the land of pure delight,
Where love eternal reigns;
Infinite day excludes the night,
O'er all these holy plains.

Cho — Far, far beyond where Moses spied,
In Beulah land we rest:
Thro' Jordan's death we're saved,
Yes fully saved and blest.

Sweet peace of God, a tranquil flood,
Through all the land doth flow;
Here the redeemed in Jesus' blood,
Shine pure and white as snow.

O blissful land of perfect love,
Where healing fountains spring,
Come all ye sick, its waters prove,
And songs of triumph sing.

Here everlasting Spring abides,
And ever blooming flowers;
Sweet sleep, a shadowed veil divides
The Heaven above from ours.

D. S. WARNER.

Shall we meet beyond the river?
 In that clime where angels dwell.
 Shall we meet where friendship never,
 Saddest tales of sorrow tell?

Cho.—Shall we meet? shall we meet?
 Shall we meet on the evergreen plain?
 Shall we meet to know each-other ever?
 Shall we never part again?

Shall we meet where flow'rs are blooming
 Ever fadeless, ever fair;
 Where the light of day illumines,
 Lives of those who enter there.

Shall we meet our loved companions
 On that brighter, fairer shore?
 When this life's great work is ended,
 Shall we meet to part no more?

Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
 Where our joys shall never die;
 We shall meet our loved and saved ones,
 In that happy by and by.

129.

O think of the home over there,
 By the side of the river of Life;
 Where the saints all immortal and fair
 Are robed in their garments of white.

Ref.—Over there, over there.

O think of the home over there.

O think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home, in the palace of God.

Ref.—Over there, over there.

O think of the friends over there.

My Savior is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Ref.—Over there, over there.

My Savior is now over there.

I'll soon be at home over there;
 For the end of my journey I see,
 Then away from my sorrow and care
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Ref.—Over there, over there.

I'll soon be at home over there.

130.

The judgment day is coming, coming,
 The judgment day is coming,
 O that great day!

Cho.—O then turn poor sinner,
 And escape eternal fire,
 Or you'll all stand in fire
 At that great day.

You'll hear the trumpet sound ringing,
 You'll hear the trumpet sound ringing,
 At that great day,

You'll hear the thunders rolling, &c.
 You'll see the lightning flashing, &c.
 You'll see the stars a falling, &c.
 You'll see the dead arising, &c.
 You'll hear the wicked wailing, &c.
 You'll see the Savior coming, &c.
 You'll hear the righteous shouting, &c.

Revised by J. C. Fisher.

131.

Why do these doubts and fear arise,
 As this poor little all of mine
 I lay a living sacrifice,
 All on the altar, Christ Divine.

Cho.—I'm fully Thine, ye wholly Thine,
 All on the altar, Christ Divine;
 The Word of Jesus I believe,
 The Sanctifier I receive,
 All on the altar I abide,
 And Jesus says I'm sanctified.

Ah! not a moment more I'll doubt,
 and not a moment longer wait.
 He shed His blood to sanctify,
 He suffered death without the gate.
 By faith I venture on His Word,
 My doubts are o'er the victory won;
 He said, "The altar sanctifies,"
 I just believe Him—and 'tis done.

Thro' all my soul I feel His power,
 And in the precious cleansing wave
 I wash my garments white this hour
 And prove His utmost power to save.

Come all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain.

Come view your home beyond the tide,

Hear now the voices of your lov'd ones,

What they sing on the other side.

Some are singing of bright crowns of
glory, [shore;

Some of dear ones who stand near the
For the fond heart must ever be clinging

To the faithful we love ever-more.

Chorus.

O the prospect it is so transporting,

And no danger I fear from the tide;

I shall go to the home of the Christian,

I shall stand robed in white by their side.

There endless springs of life are flowing.

There are the fields of living green,

Mansions of beauty are provided;

And the King of the saints is seen.

Soon my conflict and toil will be ended,

I shall join those who've pass'd on before

For my loved ones, Ohow I do miss them!

I must press on and meet them once more.

Faith now beholds the flowing river

Coming from underneath the throne;

There, there the Savior reigns for-ever.

And He welcomes His children home.

Would you sit by the banks of the river

With the friends you have loved by
your side?

Would you join in the songs of the angels

Then be ready to follow your guide.

133.

We are sailing on the old ship of Zion.

We are sailing to the home of the blest;

Where the holy angels wait for our coming.

In the city where the saints sweetly rest.

Chorus:--When the tempest passes over.

We will meet each-other there on that shore;

When the tempest passes over,

We will meet each-other there on that shore.

Millions have already reached that blest harbor

And are singing with the loved gone before;

Millions more are sailing over the river.

To those mansions on that beautiful shore.

Spread the canvas to the winds, let the
trees

Gently waft the noble ship to the shore;

All on board are sweetly singing to Jesus.

Who will bring us to the bright ever more.

When we all are safely landed in Heaven.

We will gladly shout our dangers are o'er.

We will walk about the beautiful City.

And we'll sing our happy songs ever more.

134.

I'm a pilgrim filled with glory,

With my shining garments on;

Come and hear me tell my story.

All who long in sin have gone.

Chorus.

We will sing! . . . O we will sing! . . .

Till this glorious fight of faith is over.

Then round the throne of God in Heaven

Praise the Lord forever more.

I will tell you what induced me

From my sin and guilt to part,

'Twas the Savior's loving kindness,

Overcame, and won my heart.

When I first with Christ enlisted,

Many said I'd turn again;

But though every day resisted,

Fully saved I still remain.

I'm a wonder unto many,

God alone the change hath wrought,

In my soul I've perfect vict'ry,

By His precious blood I'm bought.

There's no Jordan's swelling river;

For the saints have overcome:

But we all will shout salvation!

And go singing glory, home.

There's a victor's crown forever,

There's a throne in Heav'n for you,

If in faith, and strong endeavor,

Always to your Lord you're true.

There is an hour of calm relief,
 From every throbbing care,
 'Tis when before a throne of grace,
 I kneel in secret prayer.

Cho.—O that voice, to me so dear,
 Breathing soft on my ear;
 Weary child, look up and see,
 'Tis thy Savior speaks to thee.

When one by one like threads of gold,
 The hues of twilight fall;
 O sweet communion with my God,
 My savior and my all.

I hear seraphic tones that float
 Amid celestial air;
 And bathe my soul in streams of joy,
 Alone in secret prayer.

O when the hour of death shall come,
 How sweet from thence to rise;
 With prayer on earth my latest breath,
 My watch-word to the skies,

136.

Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling
 At morning, noon, and night to pray?
 In his chamber he remembers Zion,
 Though in exile far away.

Chorus.

Are your windows open toward Jerusalem
 Though as captives here a little while
 we stay,

For the coming of the King in His glory.
 Are you watching day by day?

Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
 Nor shrink the lion's den to share;
 For the God of Daniel will deliver,
 He will send His angel there.

Children of the living God take courage,
 Your great deliverance sweetly sing;
 Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,
 Thence to hail our coming King.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land
 Where my possessions lie.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and happy land,
 Just across on the evergreen shore,
 Sing a song of Moses and the Lamb by
 And dwell with Jesus evermore. [and by

O'er all those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

When shall I reach that happy place
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Fathers face
 And in His bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

We are tending to-night on the old camp
 ground,
 Valiant soldiers of the cross;
 Where we ever have been with the vict'
 ry crown'd
 And we never shall sustain a loss.

We are tending again on the old camp
 And we've suffered no defeat; [ground
 But many who were lost, their Savior have
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